

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

JANUARY 20, 1958

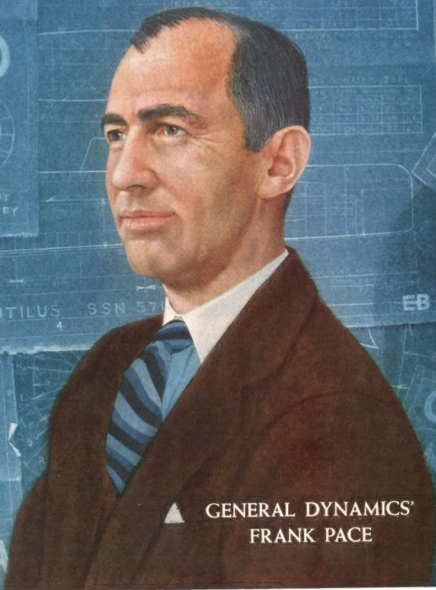
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

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WILLIAM J. FELT

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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VOL. LXXI NO. 3



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LETTERS

Man of the Year

Sir: Just heard that he is Nikita Khrushchev. A better choice would have been Laika.

GEORGIA CLARKE

Redondo Beach, Calif.

SIR: SATAN MUST BE WELL PLEASED WITH YOUR SELECTION. CANCEL MY SUBSCRIPTION.

R. P. GILMARTIN

PITTSBURGH

Sir: Sure he made the news in 1957, but he's an s.o.b., and if TIME's choice produces the same result that befell Traitor Pierre Laval, I'll say amen to a job well done.

HOWARD VAN

St. Paul

Sir: Butcher of the Year would have been more appropriate.

(THE REV.) HUGH K. WOLF

St. Agnes Church
Vermillion, S. Dak.

Sir: Congratulations. I think you made an excellent selection.

JACK SMITH

Twenty-nine Palms, Calif.

Sir:

There should be two men of the year. Continue if you wish with the most notorious, but, may I suggest, add another: the man who has done much for his fellow men and the world at large.

WILLIS C. ARNOLD

Longmeadow, Mass.

Sir:

For college students who have been sitting back and watching the growth of Khrushchev's power and the materialization of his goals, your article was more than sufficient stimulus to get us back to those lost arts of thinking and acting. The preserving of democracy and regaining of international leadership is up to us in the classrooms.

MARILOU REITMAN

New York City

Sir:

The man on your cover doesn't scare me. He's not omniscient. His picture reveals the failure of even Russia to solve a major scientific problem: baldness.

R. E. TAUB

Montreal

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Mac & the Girls

Sir:

Why was the "hard-bitten, respected, slave-driving bastard," B.G. MacNabb, so excited over the recently successful test firing of "Big Annie"? His sophomoric screams of delight remind me of the reaction of an inadequate coach when his outclassed team scores a surprise touchdown.

EMILY FITZGERALD

Claremont, Calif.

Sir:

What a thrill, after twelve years, to see a once familiar face in TIME, Dec. 30. I knew Byron G. MacNabb when he was a lieutenant in the Navy and I was civilian secretary to the officer in charge of the armament test unit of the Navy's Patuxent River station. We were both in the unit at the time they test fired the first rockets mounted on the underside of the wings of Navy planes—we couldn't have known we were spawning such a big girl as "Annie." I remember one occasion when they shot up their own fuselage and the plane came crippling in—a mech had lost a foot and Mac's hand was badly injured. Mac's cruel remark was that it was a pretty stupid way to have to earn a Purple Heart.

AGNES STALKER

Toledo

NATO's Norstad

Sir:

I have never written a fan letter in my life, but the wonderful cover portrait of General Norstad by Pietro Annigoni has prompted this one. Thank you.

DORIS BROWN

Spokane

Sir:

Only the pressure of [the NATO meeting] prevented my writing before to express my very great appreciation of the way in which the TIME story was handled. If there is a fault, it is that the comments about myself are overgenerous, and that is a fault which I find no difficulty in forgiving.

LAURIS NORSTAD

General, U.S.A.F.

% Postmaster

New York City

One Man's Jiggerypook

Sir:

It is common knowledge that when anything of a finer nature, or loftier thoughts, is presented to a small-souled person it is

met with hostility and contempt. Your Dec. 30 reviewer of *Candles in the Sun* is no exception. He can no more understand theosophy, the works of Annie Besant and Krishnamurti, than a primitive man could understand Ralph Waldo Emerson's *Essays*. As for the author of the book, the less said about her the better.

LOUIS B. BALL

Long Beach, Calif.

Sir:

So the Theosophical Society has unlensed a "tidal bore of blumduddery and jiggerypook on the superstitious suburbs of the West." This is an unwarranted attack on an honorable institution, considerably older and more stable than TIME.

RILEY CRABB

Barstow, Calif.

Another Second Best?

Sir:

Europe's new churches [TIME, Dec. 33] are breathtaking—daring—beautiful beyond words. Unfortunately, it now looks as if we are second best in another field.

JERI REISER

La Habra, Calif.

Sir:

Our delight in "Europe's New Churches" was revived in your fine pictorial article. We regret only the omission of the name of the prominent postwar German artist, Georg Meistermann, who designed the stained-glass window in Schweinfurt's St. Kilian's Church.

LOIS AND FRED CRANE

Minot, N. Dak.

Holy Hucksters

Sir:

As a reasonably sincere Catholic, I must admit that your Dec. 23 article on holy hucksters certainly hit home. It is an unfortunate fact that the manufacturers and distributors of pseudoreligious trinkets find ready prey among many gullible Catholics. The church is strongly in favor of the use of rosaries, medals, and such aids in the worship of God, but the abuse of this custom, as practiced by these unscrupulous individuals, constitutes a grave offense against everything the church stands for.

FRANCIS JONES

Irvington, N.J.

Sir:

Our Association is almost 50 years' old, and consists of several hundred firms in the church-goods and religious-goods industry. Your one-sided report has been a disservice to these firms and—even more important—to the thousands of clergy and the millions of lay people whom they serve.

HAROLD P. C. HOWE

National Association of Catholic Publishers and Dealers in Church Goods
New York City

The Doctor or the Grocer?

Sir:

The Montana doctor who stated, "We're no more obligated to give service than is the grocer" [Dec. 30] should study the implications of his Hippocratic oath. The A.M.A. has the highest ethics of any profession. Such departure from these ethics and disregard of oath is good reason for— Heaven forbid—socialized medicine.

A. M. HALL

Livingston, Mont.

Sir:

The Montana M.D.'s attitude is no worse than that of the Middleton, Wis. (near Madison) M.D. who, some years ago, ver-



Hallock

Copper... an old friend with a bright future

First metal worked by man has expanding role in modern world

As the best commercial conductor of electricity, copper is indispensable today. Last year, 3 billion pounds, almost 18 pounds per person, were used in this country. An estimated 250 million pounds went into automobiles, 125 million into air-conditioning and refrigeration machinery, 125 million into radio and television sets, and millions more into generation and distribution of electricity and into construction.

These amounts should increase as population grows, and industrialization spreads. And research into new uses, in high-voltage transmission, electronics, and building, is adding to demand.

Fortunately, copper has kept an eye cocked on the future. Its geologists have searched out ample reserves. But cop-

per miners often must build railroads, highways, power plants, and harbors—often entire towns—before they can start work. Then they must handle more pounds of rock to produce a pound of copper than producers of any other major base metal. The ratio can run above 400 to 1. So copper production takes time and money—lots of it!

Ever since the Bank was founded in 1812, copper men have been coming to First National City. Here they find *bankers* thoroughly versed in the problems of copper and equipped to offer

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The only American bank with branches in Chile and Peru, First National City provides complete "on-the-spot" banking services in these principal overseas sources of American copper. The Bank's 69 other Overseas Branches, Offices, and Affiliates and its 78 Offices in Greater New York also are highly useful in developing new markets and sources of supply.

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bally told me to "go to hell" when I asked him to our house to treat a badly burned little girl. His ethical reasoning was as follows: "You had Patty delivered in Madison, and if you want anything done for her, why don't you take her there?"

LOUIS E. SHAEFFER

Chicago

Sir:

If I become ill, I would much prefer having the grocer treat me than that Montana practitioner.

MRS. SID TRAXLER

North Hollywood, Calif.

Rally Boys, Rally

Sir:

To correct your book critic's implication that *Rally Round the Flag, Boys!* [Dec. 30] is being enjoyed only by the retarded, may I point out that the book received excellent notices in the *New York Times*, *New York Herald Tribune*, *Chicago Tribune*, *San Francisco Chronicle*, *Los Angeles Times* and a couple of hundred other newspapers.

MAX SHULMAN

Monticello, Ont.

Korean Treasures

Sir:

The Korean government and people have asked me to extend to you their deep appreciation for the Dec. 16 spread, "Art Treasure From Korea." America has a stake in these works of art because had it not been for the assistance of your country, all of them would probably be in Communist hands today. *Time's* color plates do full justice to these masterpieces and your article will do much to inform the American people of the artistic tradition that is Korea's.

CHAE KYUNG OH

Director

Office of Public Information
Seoul, Korea

Sir:

Along with our deep appreciation, we know your pictures and article will cause countless Americans to see and enjoy these masterpieces now being exhibited in the U.S.

WON-YONG KIM

The National Museum
Seoul

Old Name for the New Group

Sir:

Concerning your Dec. 23 Education story on "group dynamics": it's men like Educationists Jeep and Hellis who are mostly responsible for our youngsters' lack of interest in science, mathematics, languages and other subjects, and who, if they continue to dominate public education, will cause this country to lose the respect of the rest of the world.

HENRY PANNUTO JR.

Teacher

Belleville, Ill.

Sir:

By eliminating effective participation of the teacher, the group is denied what it needs most: the constant infusion of new ideas, the push, pull and stretch by a challenging, directing and driving leader. Ideas seldom spring spontaneously; they are communicated, i.e., taught.

HUGO W. PETERSEN JR.

Elkhart, Ind.

Sir:

We had "group dynamics" in school when I was a kid. We called it "recess."

RAY PARKER

Pacific Palisades, Calif.



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Complete score! I Could Have Danced All Night, The Rain in Spain, etc.



Two delightful and romantic ballet scores by Offenbach and Chopin



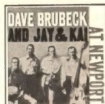
Erroll Garner plays Caravan, No Greater Love, Memories of You, etc.



Tenderly, Deep Purple, Soon, Laura, September in the Rain, 7 others



12 Sinatra favorites — Mad About You, Love Me, Nevertheless, etc.



7 exciting new jazz improvisations by two great modern combos



Definitive performances of three best-loved Beethoven sonatas



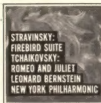
Sweet arrangements of Embraceable You, Somebody Loves Me—12 more



The Moon of Manakora, Lotus Land, Poincianna, Jamaican Rhumba, etc.



Armstrong and his All-Stars: 10 numbers from triumphant tour abroad



Shunning hi-fi performances of the "Firebird" and "Romeo and Juliet"



Doris Day sings The Song Is You, But Not for Me, Autumn Leaves—9 more



Emperor Waltz, Blue Danube, Vienna Life, Gypsy Baron Overture—2 more



Duchin plays The Man I Love, April Showers, Am I Blue?—11 more



A romantic musical tour — Ormandy and The Philadelphia Orchestra



Rodgers & Hammerstein's fabulous hit, with Nelson Eddy as Curly



3 Gershwin works—Concerto in F, Rhapsody in Blue, American in Paris



12 Inimitable Elgart arrangements — Ideal for listening or dancing



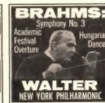
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America's favorite quartet sings Love Walked In and 11 others



Benny Goodman and his Original Orchestra, Trio and Quartet. 11 numbers



6 works: Symphony No. 3, Academic Festival Overture, 4 Hungarian Dances



The complete score of Lehár's operetta—Villa, Maxim's, Women, etc.



13 Jazz Greats perform Honeyuckle Rose, Laura, Perdido, 9 others



Rousing performances of 12 songs — Juba-Juba-Jubilee, Wa-Hoo, etc.



12 numbers include My Romance, Night and Day, September Song, etc.



Brilliant performances of two of the most popular of all violin concertos



12 dance tunes—Harbor Lights, Mambo No. 5, A Fine Romance, etc.



Mitch with horns, harp, chord, chorus and orch. perform 12 numbers






Memorable music from 11 movies — Gone With The Wind, Quo Vadis, etc.




12 different dance bands play 12 numbers — Blue Skies, Cherry, Daddy, etc.

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
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8. Gershwin Hits—Percy Faith
9. Sinatra—Adventures of the Heart
10. Ambassador Satch
11. Firebird; Romeo and Juliet
12. Day By Day—Doris Day
13. Johann Strauss—Waltzes
14. Lure of the Tropics—Kestelanz
15. Parts of Call
16. Oklahoma!
17. Levant Plays Gershwin
18. The Elgart Touch
19. The Great Melodias of Tchaikovsky
20. Suddenly It's the Hi-Lo's
21. King of Swing—Benny Goodman
22. Brahms: Symphony No. 3
23. The Merry Widow
24. Wonderful, Wonderful—Mathis
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... exclusive T-7 filter, developed especially for Hit Parade, lets you have your flavor, too!

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BUDGET-IN-CHINA
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May 11, 1961

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A letter from
the
PUBLISHER

James A. Linen

A GREAT deal of punditry has been written about the state of U.S. missilery, but usually without much firm underpinning of fact. To find out how the U.S. missile program is really faring, TIME assigned its top missile reporters to ferret out—in Washington, at Florida's Cape Canaveral test center, at manufacturing plants across the country—all the missile facts that can be printed without giving away national secrets. For a firmly underpinned count-down on the U.S.'s 38 metal-bird projects, see NATIONAL AFFAIRS: The U.S. Missile Program.



SUBMERSIBLE JOHN HOLLAND

for the Constituent Assembly. Fifteen months after the Assembly's suppression by the Bolsheviks, Vishniak escaped from Russia with the police at his heels, made his way to Odessa and from there to France, where he lectured at the Paris Institute of Slavic Studies and at the Academy of International Law at The Hague. In 1940 he came to the U.S., lectured at Cornell and the University of Colorado, came to TIME in 1946. For Vishniak's account of what happened on the fateful meeting of the Constituent Assembly, see **FOREIGN NEWS, The Day Democracy Died in Russia**.

MR. ESTRADA wants to see you immediately," said a Venezuelan plain-clothes cop to **TIME** Correspondent **Bruce Henderson** early last week: a few minutes later, after a ride in a paddy wagon, Henderson was waiting in the grimy basement prisoner pen of Caracas' *Seguridad Nacional*, run by **Pedro Estrada**. Top Cop Estrada held the correspondent long enough to implant the idea that overzealous reporting might get Henderson jailed or booted out of the country. Henderson declined to get the idea. At week's end had the stimulating duty of reporting that Estrada himself was ousted and exiled. See **HEMISPHERE**, **Sullen Baragán**.

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“We got 4-alarm *action* on our 1-alarm fire!”

says George Hupp

“I was out of town when the brush fire started, so my wife had to face it alone. After calling the fire department, she phoned Hardware Mutuals.

“The fire department only rated it as a small, 1-alarm fire, but we got 4-alarm claims service. It’s hard to believe . . . the Hardware Mutuals man actually got there while the firemen were still fighting the blaze. He told my wife the fire wasn’t *her* worry, it was *his*! The smoke removal device he ordered kept damage to a minimum.

“Fortunately, our Hardware Mutuals ‘package’ insurance covered everything. We were pleased to get our claims check so promptly—\$1,675 for the garage and \$2,700 to repair damage to the house and furnishings. We have nothing but praise for Hardware Mutuals fast service.”



Mr. George Hupp, President
Metric Tool & Engineering Co.
Minneapolis, Minnesota

*The Policy Back of the Policy**

The Hupps’ case is typical of the kind of help we give our policyholders—adequate insurance protection backed up with fast, friendly claims service. The Hupps use Hardware Mutuals dividends to keep their insurance costs down. Get all the convincing facts and figures on a thrifty “Family Styled” insurance “package” from your nearby Hardware Mutuals man. He’s listed in the yellow pages. Ask about convenient premium payment plans.



Insurance for your Automobile • Home • Business

Hardware Mutuals.

Stevens Point, Wisconsin • Offices Coast to Coast

HARDWARE MUTUAL CASUALTY COMPANY
HARDWARE DEALERS MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY



THE 85TH CONGRESS GREETING THE PRESIDENT
After words of peace, works of peace.

Associated Press

THE NATION

The New Leadership

Resounding around the U.S. and the free world since Communism's Sputniks spun out into space was the call for leadership. The call was addressed above all others to Dwight D. Eisenhower, the man judged by weight of character, prestige, experience and constitutional powers to be most capable of providing leadership. In two firm, decisive moves, the President stepped forward and provided just that. Last week, he went before a Democratic-controlled Congress and delivered a State of the Union message that marked not the least attempt to shrug off blame for past letdowns, spoke candidly but without hand-wringing about the present, mapped a hard line for future progress (*See below*). This week he sent off a letter to the U.S.S.R.'s Premier Bulganin, thus stepped into a world scene that had become a mishmash of creeping neutralism and phony Communist peace propaganda, and managed both to seize the peace initiative and restore the perspective of the cold war.

The Intrinsic Need. The occasion for the President's diplomatic move was a letter from the U.S.S.R.'s Bulganin, received just before the NATO meeting last month, renewing Communist propaganda demands for a parley at the summit. "I am ready," wrote Dwight Eisenhower this week, "to

meet with the Soviet leaders. [But] these complex matters should be worked on in advance through diplomatic channels and by foreign ministers." This is necessary, the President emphasized, to ensure that a summit parley might, "in fact, hold good hope of advancing the cause of peace and justice in the world."

The President moved on beyond Bulganin's propaganda-rattling to call upon the U.S.S.R., as he had in his State of the Union message, for works as well as words. Specifically, he:

¶ Proposed that the U.S.S.R. and the U.S. "should make it the policy of our two governments" not to use the veto in the U.N. Security Council to stave off the peaceful settlement of disputes.

¶ Called on the U.S.S.R. to make good on its promise of "the reunification of Germany by free elections," agreed upon at the Geneva Conference in 1955. "I assure you that this act of simple justice and of good faith need not lead to any increased jeopardy of your nation."

¶ Reminded the U.S.S.R. that the right of the Soviet satellites to have governments of their own choosing should again be discussed. "There is an intrinsic need of this in the interest of peace and justice, which seems to me compelling. . . ."

¶ Offered to suspend nuclear weapons tests as part of a world-wide agreement based upon a foolproof termination of

"the now unrestrained production of nuclear weapons. . . . Since our existing weapons stocks are doubtless larger than yours, we would expect to make a greater transfer to peaceful-purpose stocks."

The First Phase. Moving on to the climax of his week of new leadership, the President dramatically put to the U.S.S.R. what he called "a proposal to solve what I consider to be the most important problem which faces the world today." The problem: mankind's first steps into space. Said the President: "I propose that we agree that outer space should be used only for peaceful purposes. We face a decisive moment in history in relation to this matter. Both the Soviet Union and the U.S. are now using outer space for the testing of missiles designed for military purposes. The time to stop is now."

Thus, as he did last week in his State of the Union message, the President moved vigorously to restore a measure of the U.S.'s pre-Sputnik confidence—without its pre-Sputnik complacency. And thus, in his letter to Bulganin, he redefined the meaning of the world competition and lifted the free world's faith in its cause. At home and abroad, the President moved notably in the second week of the new year to give those who called for it a touch of the style of command he once summed up: "Only strength can cooperate; weakness can only beg."

THE PRESIDENCY

State of the Union

Striding three paces forward from the swinging central doors of the House of Representatives chamber, Doorkeeper William M. ("Fishbait") Miller sucked breath and bellowed the call that has been his prerogative for eight congressional sessions. Cried Mississippian Miller: "Mistuh Speakuh, the President of the U-nited States!" A packed chamber's applause pealed out as Dwight Eisenhower, following Doorkeeper Miller and followed himself by an escort of four Senators and two Representatives, made his smiling way down the aisle to the House well.

Ike took his place before a felt-covered reading stand, held arms high in the air to acknowledge cheers. When the demonstration subsided, he cut through formality to wish the Congress a happy new year on behalf of himself and Mrs. Eisenhower. In the gallery, Mamie took a bow. Still smiling and casual, the President turned to the rostrum behind him for timely birthday greetings to Vice President Nixon (45) and House Speaker Sam Rayburn (76). Then, the smiles giving way to solemnity, he turned to the business at hand, his sixth State of the Union message. When he concluded, the nation and the world had heard a speech that was unusual not merely for the vigor of the man and his words, but because Ike had departed from customary procedure to propose stern solutions to principal national problems.

Can He Lead? The President understood well as he faced the Congress, the Cabinet, the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the diplomatic corps that he was facing a critical test. During the seven weeks he spent drafting the first address of 1958—probably the most important of his five years in the White House—the President



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY
Prophet of Ol.

and his works had been under heavy attack, and he knew the nation's temper. (Wrote New York *Times*man Arthur Krock the day before the address: "The question is: Can and will he fully and firmly lead the U.S., and hence the free world?") Moving quickly to calm fears and answer questions, the President:

¶ Acknowledged that the "consensus of opinion" was that the U.S. lagged behind Russia "in some areas of long-range ballistic missile development" but with effort could have necessary missiles in quantity and in time (a considerable change in position from his post-Sputnik assertion that the first Russian satellite had not raised his apprehensions "one iota").

¶ Owned up that he himself had not anticipated the psychological impact upon the world of the U.S.S.R.'s first rocket-launched satellite.

¶ Called for stepped-up missile programs, advanced aircraft production, nuclear submarines and cruisers, improved anti-submarine weapons, as well as "all necessary types of mobile forces to deal with local conflicts, should there be need."

¶ Put his Administration's prestige squarely behind continued foreign aid and took aim on those in and out of Congress who sneer at aid as a "giveaway." Snapped he: "We cannot afford to have one of our most essential security programs shot down with a slogan."

¶ Took firm hold of the thorniest defense problem of them all by calling for Pentagon reorganization and by warning the Pentagon's generals and admirals that "harmful service rivalries" must stop.

¶ Predicted resumption of U.S. economic growth after a year-end dip, but promised that the "full power" of the Federal Government would be used, if necessary, to keep the economy on even keel.

¶ Without mentioning the McMahon Act by name, asked legislation that would allow the U.S. to exchange appropriate scientific and technical information with friendly nations without "handcuffs of our own making" that waste talent and money.

Patron Saint. The President emphasized the need for balance, and balance was a quality of his 5,500-word message. (On one hand he stressed the necessity of adequate military power, which "serves the cause of security by making prohibitive the cost of any aggressive attack. It serves the cause of peace by holding up a shield behind which the patient, constructive work of peace can go on. But it can serve neither cause if we make either of two mistakes.

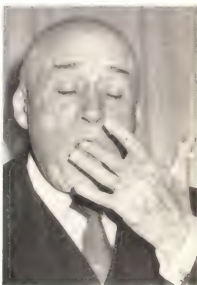
"The one would be to overestimate our strength, and thus neglect crucially important actions in the period just ahead. The other would be to underestimate our strength. Thereby we might be tempted to become irresolute in our foreign relations, to dishearten our friends, and to lose our national poise and perspective in approaching the complex problems ahead."

Balancing the nation's need for a military shield were the equal necessities of continued mutual aid and reciprocal trade: "Our programs of military aid and defense support are an integral part of our own defense effort. If the foundations of the free world structure were progressively allowed to crumble under the pressure of Communist imperialism, the entire house of freedom would be in danger of collapse..."

"America is today the world's greatest trading nation. If we use this great asset wisely... we shall not only provide future opportunities for our own business, agriculture and labor, but in the process strengthen our security posture..." In a wry poke at the Old Guard, Ike cinched his argument with a quote from the patron



VICE PRESIDENT NIXON
Prime of 45.



SPEAKER RAYBURN
Pride of 76.

saint of high-tariff men: "As President McKinley said as long ago as 1901: 'Isolation is no longer possible or desirable.'"

Balanced also in the President's estimate of the situation were two obligations on the part of the Pentagon: 1) to produce with all possible haste such weapons of today as missiles and missile submarines; 2) at the same time to reorganize in preparation for the complex weapons of tomorrow: "Some of the important new weapons which technology has produced do not fit into any existing service pattern. They cut across all services, involve all services, and transcend all services, at every stage from development to operation. In some instances they defy classification according to branch of service."

"The Extra Mile." "The Soviets," said the President, "are, in short, waging total cold war. The only answer to a regime that wages total cold war is to wage total peace." Strength of armament is important to total peace. So is a willingness to seek genuine disarmament with safeguards of inspection. "I say once more, to all peoples, that we will always go the extra mile with anyone on earth if it will bring us nearer a genuine peace." At that point, to the discomfort of his audience, Ike was stricken with a frog in the throat. Newsmen and photographers tensed. Press Secretary James Hagerty motioned to Doorkeeper Miller, who hastened forward with a glass of water. The President waved away the water with a hoarse "No, thank you," cleared his throat behind a lengthy burst of applause. Then he moved to his windup:

"These actions demand and expect two things of the American people: sacrifice, and a high degree of understanding. For sacrifice to be effective it must be intelligent. Sacrifice must be made for the right purpose and in the right place—even if that place happens to come close to home. After all, it is no good demanding sacrifice in general terms one day, and the next day, for local reasons, opposing the elimination of some unneeded federal facility. It is pointless to condemn federal spending in general, and the next moment condemn just as strongly an effort to reduce the particular federal grant that touches one's own interest. And it makes no sense whatever to spend additional billions on military strength to deter a potential danger, and then, by cutting aid and trade programs, let the world succumb to a present danger in economic guise.

"My friends of the Congress: the world is waiting to see how wisely and decisively a free representative government will now act."

DEFENSE

U.S. Planes Over Russia?

The Strategic Air Command's 2,000-odd B-47 medium-jet bombers and hundreds of heavy B-52 intercontinental jet bombers hold an overwhelming power margin over the U.S.S.R., reported the monthly *Missiles and Rockets* magazine last week. The proof, said *M. and R.*, is that SAC aircraft are conducting "numer-



LEADER JOHNSON TALKING AT DEMOCRATIC CAUCUS
No speeches but the one that was mimeographed.

International

ous and continuing" reconnaissance missions over the U.S.S.R., and the Russians have not been able to stop them. "It is true that modern Russian fighters attack our bombers with major advantages of altitude, speed and maneuverability. It is also true that they score hits. But so far no attacks have been made by the Russians with missiles, either because they don't have anti-aircraft missiles that are operational or because the Reds don't want to tip their hand. In any case U.S. radar and photographic mapping missions over the Russian land mass continue with a fair degree of success and immunity. This indicates that in the event of an all-out situation, SAC bombers would get through in high enough proportion to result in a major catastrophe to the Soviet Union. The Kremlin knows this."

M. and R.'s report, reprinted by such European newspapers as Rome's *La Stampa*, and in the U.S. by the *Christian Science Monitor*, brought a denial from the Air Force.

THE CONGRESS

One-Man Show

National security, said Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Baines Johnson to his Democratic caucus, is the issue that will "dominate the Congresses of free men for lifetimes to come." And the man who clearly intends to dominate that issue and the Congress itself in Election Year 1958 is none other than Lyndon Johnson. Last week, as he tirelessly loped through one of the most remarkable performances of a remarkable political career, Johnson stole the show from the other members of the U.S. Senate (50 Democrats, 46 Republicans) and House of Representatives (230 Democrats, 200 Republicans, 5 vacancies) who had gathered to open the 85th Congress, Second Session.

Johnson, chairman of the Senate Preparedness Investigating Subcommittee, began by deciding that the Democratic caucus, usually a cut-and-dried organizational affair, this time would be devoted to na-



CHAIRMAN JOHNSON BRIEFING NEWSMEN WHILE RICKOVER WAITS
No delay in the race for the headlines.

International

tional defense. He suggested that Republicans do the same; they did, but by the time they got around to it they had little to do but read the headlines Johnson already had made.

Control of Space. Johnson opened his caucus by announcing that "as a courtesy to the President" there would be no Senate speeches until after the President's State of the Union message. At about that point aides started distributing mimeographed copies of Lyndon Johnson's own State of the Union message, carefully prepared, often eloquent, pointing to faults in the U.S. defense system and proposing programs for action.

"Our national potential exceeds our national performance," said he. "Our science and technology has been, for some time, capable of many of the achievements displayed thus far by Soviet science. That the Soviet achievements are tangible and visible, while ours are not, is a result of policy decisions made within the governments of the respective nations. It is not—as yet, at least—the result of any great relative superiority of one nation's science over the other's. At the root this Congress must—before it does much else—decide which approach is correct . . .

"From the evidence accumulated we do know this: the evaluation of the importance of the control of outer space made by us has not been based primarily on the judgment of men most qualified to make such an appraisal. Our decisions, more often than not, have been made within the framework of the Government's annual budget.* This control has, again and again, appeared and reappeared as the prime limitation upon our scientific advancement . . . What should be our goal? If, out in space, there is the ultimate position—from which total control of the earth may be exercised—then our national goal and the goal of all free men must be to win and hold that position."

Control of Time. Before his statement had burst into print Texan Johnson was on his way again. He seemed everywhere at once; describing a new electric vibrator to Vice President Richard Nixon, eating breakfast with Defense Secretary Neil McElroy and again with Army Secretary Wilber Brucker, holding seven-hour committee sessions making television films for a Texas network, striding down a corridor tossing off orders to two pretty secretaries who took notes as they scurried after him, slipping into a dinner jacket for a banquet, speaking to the Women's National Press Club and to 1,200 steelworkers in a snowstorm outside the Capitol. Before his subcommittee paraded big-name witnesses, ranging from the Rockefeller Report's Nelson Rockefeller ("Unless present trends are reversed, the world balance of power will shift in favor of the Soviet bloc") to the Navy's snappish, hard-driving Rear Admiral Hyman Rickover, father of the nuclear submarine ("I think everybody in the military should be do-

ing things as if we were really at war").

Taking a few minutes off between sessions to gulp down a creamed-chicken lunch in his office late in the week, Lyndon Johnson was interrupted by a telephone call from Defense Secretary Neil McElroy, with word that the Army was being authorized to proceed on a top-priority basis with work on a solid-fuel missile to replace the 200-mile, liquid-fuel Redstone rocket. It took just seconds for Johnson to convince McElroy that the announcement should be made by Major General John B. Medaris, scheduled to appear before the Johnson Subcommittee that very afternoon.

Control of Light. As the hearing opened, Vermont's Republican Senator Ralph Flanders got up and started to leave



Paul Schutzer—Lift
LIEUT. GENERAL GAVIN
Said intuition: no promotion.

the room. "Senator. Senator," cried Johnson, "where are you going?" Replied Flanders: "Oh, I'll be back in 15 seconds, just 15 seconds." (Thinking the subcommittee session was going to be secret, he had shoed a visiting WAVE out of the room and was going to fetch her back.) "But you can't leave us," said Johnson. "This isn't going to take 15 seconds." It took little more than that; the announcement was moments out of Medaris' mouth when Lyndon Johnson rushed him out into the hall to appear before television.

"Now fellows, let's roll it," said Johnson to the television men, who were still gasping after lugging their heavy gear up the stairs. They protested that one of their number had not yet arrived. "Well," snapped Johnson, "you take it and give it to him." Told that could not be done, Johnson was upset. "Now listen," he growled, "I told you to be ready." He had, in fact, given eight minutes' notice—which was quite a lot for a man whose breakneck energies had already turned the first week of the 85th Congress, Second Session, into a one-man show.

ARMED FORCES

Slim Jim (Contd.)

As Lieut. General James Gavin concluded his closed-door testimony before the Senate Preparedness Subcommittee one day last week, Chairman Lyndon Johnson scribbled out a press statement summarizing the testimony and handed it to Gavin. Old Soldier Gavin hurriedly looked it over and okayed it. With that began Round Two of the extraordinary story of Jim Gavin's proffered resignation from the U.S. Army (TIME, Jan. 13).

In the statement, Paratrooper Gavin, the two-listed boss of the Army's Research and Development section, bluntly revealed his "intuitive" feeling that Army Chief of Staff Maxwell Taylor had reneged on an agreement to make him head of the U.S. Continental Army Command (with a fourth star for his shoulder). Furthermore, said Gavin, the Army had tried to transfer him to command of the U.S. Seventh Army in Europe (the same three stars), a step that was aimed at halting his ringing insistence that the Army's role was being whittled down.

"Genial Manager." It was Lyndon Johnson's swift pencil that complicated the Gavin mess, since Gavin's fundamental reason for quitting—his failure to arouse sympathy for the Army's cause—was stuffed in at the end of the press statement. To make the mess messier, Army Secretary Wilber Brucker next day called a press conference to explain how it all started. Before Christmas, when Gavin sent word around that he planned to retire, Brucker called him into his office. "I urged General Gavin to be patient," explained Brucker in the tones of a genial office manager referring to his ambitious messenger boy. He appealed to Gavin to accept the Seventh Army job and a possible promotion a year later. Gavin refused.

The two bargained on, as Secretary Brucker told it, with West Pointer Gavin holding out for the Continental Army Command assignment, an anguished Brucker pleading that Gavin should at least stay on in his present job. At length Gavin promised to "reconsider," for despite his personal ambitions, he still felt strongly for the Army's cause.

Passionate Loser. It dawned on Lyndon Johnson's subcommittee that Johnson's statements plus Brucker's account of bargaining with one of his generals over a duty assignment had indeed done an injustice to the record of a distinguished soldier. Back to Capitol Hill next day went Jim Gavin for another run-through before the committee and another press statement. Said Gavin: "I can do better for the Army outside than in. I have no ax to grind. I am not unhappy with my Secretary. I am not going out to write and raise a rumpus and things."

With that, herbiboned (two D.S.M.s, two D.S.C.s, a Silver Star) Slim Jim Gavin marched out of the hearing room, leaving behind, instead of a disturbing picture of an Army where high officials barter for stars, a picture of a passionate partisan who played the game and lost.

* Amount lopped from the fiscal 1958 defense budget by the 85th Congress. First Session: \$2,368,000,000.

THE BUDGET

Gain Without Pain

This week the President sent to Congress 3 lbs. 12 oz. of arithmetic, his budget for fiscal 1959, and, as predicted, its spending total set a new peacetime record. The new mark: \$73.9 billion, or \$2.4 billion more than Ike's 1958 record-setter as it emerged, nicked and scratched, from last spring's clamorous Battle of the Budget. Reason for the \$2.4 billion boost: upped defense spending.

Forecasting that the nation's economy will perk out of its present dumps and boom on to new peaks, the Administration estimated Federal income for fiscal 1959 (beginning next July) at \$74.4 billion, with tax rates remaining unchanged. That would top 1958 income by \$2 billion, and, as Ike promised beforehand, leave a budget surplus. But the black-ink estimate amounts to only \$500 million, a mere razor's edge as sums in the federal budget go. And just to give the Administration some room to maneuver, the President asked Congress to lift the \$275 billion statutory debt limit "temporarily" through fiscal 1959.

Missiles & Planes. Defense expenditures of \$39.8 billion account for a whopping 54% of the budget. Atop that, the budget includes a \$500 million defense contingency fund, to be spent as the President sees fit, so the real defense total is \$40.3 billion, up \$2.7 billion from the pre-Sputnik level. Missile procurement is listed for \$600 million more, but aircraft procurement for \$600 million less. Also up: nuclear submarines, research and development, construction of Strategic Air Command bases.

The budget calls for pay raises for skilled military personnel, but holds down the total pay outgo by trimming manpower about 3% from all three services. Most radical novelty in the new budget: the President's request to Congress for authority to switch as much as \$2 billion in defense funds from one category to another "to modify and accelerate programs on short notice if new discoveries and developments indicate shifts are desirable." Present law bars transfers of funds from one service to another.

Military spending is only part of the nation's bill for security. Funds for the Atomic Energy Commission (up 11%), stockpiling and defense production expansion (down 25%), and foreign military aid (virtually unchanged at \$3.1 billion) are largely national defense items. Economic development aid (up 30% to \$783 million) might make sense even if there were no Communist menace, but is often justified as a cold war necessity. So are the U.S. Information Agency (up 8% to \$108 million) and the Civil Defense Administration (down 5% to a very skimpy \$64 million). If all these items are lumped with military spending as national security costs, the total comes to \$47.3 billion, or 64% of the budget.

Cheese & Beef. Two massive budget items, unchanged from 1958 levels, can be chalked up to past national defense:

\$5 billion for veterans and \$7.9 billion for interest on the national debt. The total bill for past and present national security adds up to about \$60.2 billion, or 81% of the entire budget, leaving a mere \$13.7 billion for everything else.

It was in this vast and varied service-welfare-housekeeping sector that cuts might have been looked for to balance increases in defense spending. In his Oklahoma City speech in mid-November, the President said that "savings of the kind we need can come about only through cutting out or deferring entire categories of activities." That warning drew from Democrat Adlai Stevenson, and the liberal camp, pained protests against dismantling the welfare state. But Ike's 1959 budget should soothe such fears: the welfare state comes through remarkably beefy.

Postage & Privies. The new budget proposes only two big cuts, and Congress may well balk at both of them: hacking the Post Office deficit a hefty \$700 million by upping postal rates (e.g., first-class letter postage from 3¢ to 5¢), and chopping Commodity Credit Corporation costs nearly \$400 million, mainly by lowering agricultural price supports. The rest of the budget's civil sector, far from shrinking, actually looms some \$600 million bigger than in 1958. The thinning of some welfare programs, e.g., privies on Indian reservations and aid to states for education of retarded children, is more than offset by the fattening of others. Some of these boosts are Sputnik-inspired: a 100% increase for the National Science Foundation, \$75 million for a brand-new program of science scholarships and other aid to education. But some welfare increases seem unconnected with the cold war.

e.g., \$20 million more for "grants for construction of waste treatment facilities," an extra \$37 million for "rural electrification and rural telephones."

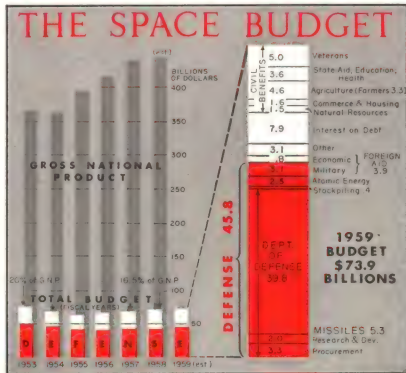
Despite the President's State of the Union warning that "sacrifice" would be needed, his 1959 budget imposes no harsh austerity on U.S. citizens. Indeed, if Congress okays the budget intact, the average man who is not an Indian or a farmer is likely to feel a fresh pang of cold war sacrifice only when he buys a 5¢ stamp.

Red Moons, Red Ink

Looking back on last spring's great cut-that-budget fracas, an economy-minded member of Congress might well wonder whether it was just a dream. Despite all the battle cries that rang out on Capitol Hill, despite all the warlike swings of economy axes, that same federal budget now looms a cool billion bigger than President Eisenhower's year-ago estimate of \$71.8 billion.

Last week, before submitting his new 1959 budget, the President asked Congress for an extra \$1.3 billion to spend in fiscal 1958 for speeding up ballistic-missile and missile-detection programs, dispersing Strategic Air Command bases. This new request, which Congress is sure to grant with no audible outcry, brought the spending estimate for '59 to \$73.8 billion.

Along with a \$1.2 billion sag in estimated federal income for fiscal 1958, the extra outgo for defense erased the black ink to which the Administration pointed with pride a year ago. Instead of the estimated \$1.8 billion surplus, the Administration foresees a \$300 million deficit—red ink brought on by Red Sputniks.



FOREIGN RELATIONS

Acheson v. Kennan

Next to Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, the U.S. foreign policy expert who has caused the greatest stir in Europe's capitals this season is George Frost Kennan, 53, former State Department policy-maker and U.S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union, now a visiting professor at Britain's Oxford University. In November and December Democrat Kennan fanned European neutralism when he proposed, over the British Broadcasting Corp., that the West start up negotiations with the U.S.S.R. leading to the neutralization of Germany and later of Europe (TIME, Dec. 23), and just before the NATO conference he came perilously close to undercutting the U.S. position by implying that NATO was an obstacle to reaching a settlement with the Russians. One factor that gave added weight to Kennan's pronouncements: he was billed in Europe as a Democratic Party foreign-policy expert and a potential future Democratic Secretary of State.

Intimidation Threatened. Last week the Democrats, willing to take such guilt by association no longer, rolled up their biggest gun to shoot down Pundit Kennan. The big gun: Dean Gooderham Acheson, 64, Harry Truman's Secretary of State (1949-52) and Kennan's old boss, who in 1949 signed the NATO Treaty. Said Acheson in a special statement to the American Council on Germany, Inc.: "These opinions are not now made by Mr. Kennan for the first time. They were expounded by him within the Democratic Administration early in 1949, and rejected. They are today contrary to the expressed opinion of Democratic leaders in the Congress and outside of it."

Any neutralized Europe next door to Soviet land power, said Acheson, would be incapable of (1) building up confidence and economic health or (2) fending off Russian conquest by infiltration. "In many, perhaps most cases, an attack by Soviet forces faced with only token resistance would be necessary, as it was not in Czechoslovakia in 1948 or in Poland today. Soviet purposes could be accomplished by intimidation, with the lesson of Hungary in everyone's mind. Can one doubt that, were it not for the American connection, there would be no more independent life in Western Europe than there is in Eastern Europe?"

Power Misunderstood. "The only deterrent to the imposition of Russian will in Western Europe is the belief that, from the outset of any such attempt, American power would be employed in stopping it, and, if necessary, would inflict upon the Soviet Union injury which the Moscow regime would not wish to suffer. The regime will not believe that this will happen if the U.S. and Western Europe are separated and stand alone."

"Mr. Kennan has never, in my judgment, grasped the realities of power relationships, but takes a rather mystical attitude toward them. To Mr. Kennan there is no Soviet military threat in Europe."

POLITICAL NOTES

Touslehead II

One of the Massachusetts Republicans' highest hopes this year is to unseat Democratic Governor Foster Furcolo, who is having his troubles with the state budget, unemployment and other problems. Last week, weeks ahead of schedule, the race got under way with the announcement by Christian Archibald Herter Jr., 38, that he will ask the party's convention in June to nominate him for governor. Son of the U.S. Under Secretary of State and former Massachusetts governor (1953-57), young Herter is the G.O.P. counterpart of the



James F. Coyne
CANDIDATE HERTER JR.
An anti-bundle bundle.

Democrats' bundle of tousleheaded boyish charm, Senator John F. Kennedy.

Like Kennedy, Herter Jr. is a Harvard man ('41) and a World War II combat veteran (Army, Purple Heart, *Croix de guerre*) who afterwards took to politics. In 1950 and 1952 he won election to the Massachusetts house, resigned in 1953 to be Vice President Nixon's administrative aide in Washington, later served as general counsel for Nixon's G.O.P. hair shirt, Harold E. Stassen. In 1956 Herter ran successfully for the State Executive Council.*

Though Massachusetts Republicans applauded young Herter's zeal, there were reservations about his political manners. In announcing early, he stepped on the toes of his father's old friend and political supporter, Republican State Chairman Charles Gibbons, who was about to declare for governor himself. The next problem for young Herter, having put himself out front, was how to get the parade to form behind him.

* An elective governor's advisory council which survives from the Colonial period in three states (Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Maine) and originally was a buffer between the local assemblymen and the governor, appointed by the King.

BEHIND THE SCENES

Cries & Crisis

Disarmament Specialist Harold Stassen went for broke at last week's National Security Council meeting and lost. At odds with Secretary of State Dulles, Honest Harold urged a plan for disarmament under which the U.S. would split the parts of its current package proposal. Under Stassen's plan, the U.S. would agree to an end to nuclear testing, would not insist on an end at the same time to production of nuclear materials for weapons. Dulles stood aside while Defense Secretary Neil H. McElroy and Joint Chiefs of Staff Chairman Nathan Twining turned down the proposal, backed by AEC Chairman Lewis Strauss, Treasury Secretary Robert Anderson—and Dwight Eisenhower. Where the defeat left Honest Harold, no one was sure. Powerful Administration staffers hoped he would quit rather than be fired. But, said a Washington acquaintance: "His soundings to run for governor of Pennsylvania have not borne fruit. I don't know what he could do if he quits."

In general, Pentagon brass is highly pleased with the clamor for more military spending that has followed the Gaither and Rockefeller reports on the status of U.S. defenses. But the generals and admirals are getting fed up with being asked whether they have read the reports. Reason: much of the expert testimony on which the committees based their recommendations came from the same generals and admirals. "Am I familiar with the reports?" exploded a liberally starred Air Force general last week. "How many hours do you think we've spent making those committees familiar with what's going on?"

A new dock and airstrip building near Anchorage, road surveys and right-of-way proceedings along the Alaska Railroad, and talk of a \$68 million contract awarded the Drake-Puget Sound Construction Co. for a job near Mount McKinley National Park add up to one thing to Alaskans: preparation for a string of U.S. ballistic missile bases. Sited along the Alaska Railroad, such bases could launch intermediate-range missiles that would reach Russian bases on the eastern tip of Siberia, intercontinental missiles that could arc across the Pole to Moscow and beyond. The U.S. bases would have the advantage of North America's finest defile: if enemy missiles should fall short: the Alaska Range, topped by Mount McKinley, at 20,770 ft.

Press Secretary Jim Hagerty's announcement that President Eisenhower might possibly cancel longstanding plans to speak at a Republican congressional campaign fund-raising dinner in Chicago next week (the fifth anniversary of his first inauguration) started a storm of cries from the G.O.P. National Committee. The Chicago affair was a near sellout with Ike's name on the billboard; and his thought-of cancellation seemed to confirm the suspicions of discouraged Midwest Republicans that Ike does not care

much about the party's peril in this year's congressional elections. After the complaints deluged the White House, Ike changed his mind, laid plans to turn up at Chicago in time to deliver a 15- or 20-minute speech, head back to Washington the next morning.

OPINION

Byplay

Scene: Hotel lobby in Manhattan, this week.

Cast: Ex-President Harry S. Truman, Reporters.

Truman: Eisenhower was a great military commander in Europe and in NATO, when he had someone to tell him what to do.

Reporter: Who told him what to do? Was it you?

Truman: The commander in chief.

Reporter: You were commander in chief.

Truman: Yes.

LABOR

Try & Top Me

To show the boys that he is earning his pay and perquisites, a big-time labor leader has to compete with heads of other unions in thinking up lavish demands to put before management at bargaining time. For the Steelworkers' suave President Dave McDonald, this problem was already worrisome, even though his union's contracts still have a year and a half to run. For one thing, Dave won re-election to the presidency last year by an uncomfortably narrow edge. On top of that, he faces rugged competition from other labor chiefs, e.g., the Teamsters' tough Jimmy Hoffa, tarred by scandal and scarred by his union's expulsion from the A.F.L.-C.I.O., is out to prove to the boys that he is still their resolute leader by squeezing a whacking wage boost out of trucking firms this spring.

Eager to top Hoffa, McDonald last week unwrapped a gaudy parcel of his own: three-month vacations for steelworkers every five years, in addition to the regular yearly vacations of from two to three weeks. Striking the statesmanlike stance that union presidents assume when explaining how what is good for their unions is good for the country, McDonald argued that three-month vacations would help ease the "disemployment" caused by increasing automation.

Steelman McDonald had hardly spoken before the United Auto Workers' Walter Reuther topped him. The U.A.W. decided Reuther's executive board this week, will patriotically forget all about its plan for a shorter work week in 1953 negotiations. Instead U.A.W. will couple its new demands for wage increases with a novel program of profit-sharing for wage-earners. And just in case this might not bring him a big enough audience, Reuther was ready to propose (but not "demand") that automakers also share their profits—in the form of rebates—with their customers.

IMMIGRATION

A Case of Togetherness

In San Francisco's teeming Chinatown (pop. about 30,000), the man most hated last week was one Huey Bing Dai. The wrinkled man of 80 had not shown his solemn face in the streets for weeks, for thanks to his help the Justice Department had cracked one of the biggest cases of illegal immigration in its history. After a seven-month investigation federal authorities reported that Huey Bing Dai's clan had secretly and illegally moved most of the male inhabitants of an entire Chinese village to the U.S. over a period of 50-

Dirty Wash. The racket worked for decades in such points of entry as New York and Boston. But it flourished best in San Francisco, where noncitizens, when pressed to prove U.S. citizenship,* could insist that their birth certificates and other papers had been lost in the great earthquake of 1906. Old Huey Bing Dai, hailed before federal authorities on an anonymous tip confessed that he alone was responsible for 57 such fraudulent entries into the U.S. Along with others, he had arranged slots for more than 250 men of his clan who had lived in the Cantonese village of Sai Kay; most of them became laundrymen in San Francisco.



HUEY BING DAI & FAMILY (IN VILLAGE OF SAI KAY)

After 57 sons, no cause to be happy.

odd years. Like untold thousands of other Chinese in the U.S., the Hueys did it by playing a game as intricate and baffling as any Chinese puzzle ever devised: the slot racket.

Bent Twigs. The racket required only money and patience. A Chinese in the U.S. would revisit the home country, say for a year, perhaps longer. Upon his return he would inform immigration officials that his wife, still in China, had borne him a child, maybe two or three. Since the self-styled father could claim that he was a U.S. citizen, his child, accordingly, was a citizen and was so registered.

Years went by. Having established a slot or two—or more—on his family tree, the man then arranged with Chinese brokers in such places as Hong Kong to sell his slots to willing Chinese for prices ranging from \$2,500 apiece to \$6,000. The broker found on his lists a Chinese whose age approximated that of a registered son, sent him on to the U.S. Once there, the newcomer often became virtually an indentured servant until he paid for his slot, frequently was harassed by extortionists and informers who threatened to expose his illegal entry unless he paid blackmail.

When the news of his confession spread through Chinatown, the elders of the Huey clan sensed the crisis, met in a laundry on Leavenworth Street, decided to parade into Assistant U.S. Attorney James B. Schnake's office and ask for mercy.

After hearing the stories from the clan, the feds estimated that a good 50% of San Francisco's Chinatown are illegal residents; they hope they will be able to halt the flow by fining and jailing Chinese who deal directly in slot contacts, in the past year and a half have prosecuted 60. The U.S. probably will not prosecute the others, since deporting them would be impracticable. But all this did not ease the situation of old Huey Bing Dai, who gave everything away. "The whole town's mad at him," said a young Chinese-American. "He will not be happy here."

* The notorious Exclusion Acts of 1882 et seq. came on the heels of mass migration of cheap Chinese labor to the U.S., succeeded in reducing Chinese immigration and prohibited alien Chinese in the U.S. from becoming citizens. But a loophole, opened by the Supreme Court in 1908, allowed citizenship to children born in the U.S. of Chinese parents. Although the Exclusion Acts were repealed in 1943, the U.S. set a quota of only 105 Chinese immigrants a year, which still stands.

THE U.S. MISSILE PROGRAM

A Sturdy Base for a New Drive into Space

The fact that the U.S. is behind the Soviets in the production of long-range missiles has been heralded in headline and oratory. Frequently ignored is another fact: the Russians began an all-out missile program after World War II; the U.S. not until 1953-54. Considering its late start—a lapse in both Truman and Eisenhower administrations—the U.S., with 38 missile programs under way, has made progress at a remarkable rate, has the capacity to go much faster once the Pentagon gives real direction. How the program stands:

Intercontinental Missiles

Neither the U.S. nor the U.S.S.R. has an operational intercontinental ballistic missile (ICBM), nor will either have one for two to three years. To date, the Russians are known to have test-fired as many as five ICBMs, have scored at least one hit on a target at a 3,400-mile range; the U.S. has test-fired four models of the Air Force's Convair ICBM **Atlas**, has scored two hits at a programmed initial 500- to 600-mile range. **Atlas**, U.S. missilery's prime weapon (cost: about \$4,000,000 apiece) is fueled with a mixture of liquid oxygen and kerosene, is designed to deliver a hydrogen warhead of megaton dimensions at a speed of about 14,000 m.p.h. to a target five miles in diameter at a 5,500-mile range. **Atlas** has 300,000 parts, is so thin-skinned that it must be pressurized to stand upright; its three engines, simultaneously ignited on the ground, can generate a total thrust of between 300,000 and 400,000 lbs., or roughly what it took the Soviets to put up **Sputnik II**; its snub nose cone is designed to withstand the intense heat of re-entry into the earth's atmosphere. Because **Atlas** got a later start than its Russian opposite number, its single-stage design is more modern, more foolproof than the ponderous three-stage Russian ICBM.

60 AIR FORCE



SNARK: FOR NOW

The Air Force hopes **Atlas** will be test-fired to its full 5,500-mile range this year. Even though testing will not be completed until 1960-61, an **Atlas** pilot production line is already running at Convair, can be turned on to full quantity when called for.

The Air Force has a "backup," or reserve ICBM, the **Martin Titan**, currently running twelve to 14 months behind **Atlas**. **Titan** is a two-stage, liquid-fuel missile with an **Atlas**-type nose cone and an **Atlas**-sized engine thrust that can power a hydrogen warhead more than 5,500 miles. Another advantage: **Titan** can be broken down into two parts for easier ground or air-cargo transportation. **Titan** has undergone static tests of its component parts, has not yet been tested as a complete weapons system, is not expected to reach test-flight status until fall.

Until the ICBMs are ready, the Air Force must depend upon its manned thermonuclear bombers reinforced by its only near-operational intercontinental guided missile, the **Northrop Snark**, an air-breathing, star-guided, 600-m.p.h. missile that can take a hydrogen warhead 5,000 miles to target or deploy electronic countermeasures over an enemy heartland to lure defenders away from main bomber strikes elsewhere.

Intermediate Missiles

Neither the U.S. nor the U.S.S.R. has an operational 1,500-mile ballistic missile, but the Russians have an operational stockpile of several hundred shorter-range (800 to 1,200 miles) ballistic missiles deployed in more than 50 bases, with a range into Europe and the Far East. The U.S. Air Force is ahead of its schedule on developing its first IRBM, **Douglas**' liquid-fuel, 1,500-mile **Thor**. It has test-fired ten **Thors**, five successfully, two part-successfully, has a production line going, expects to deploy well upward of 20 **Thors** into Europe with "initial operational capability" this year. **Thor** is guided by an inertial direction system backed up by an alternate method, is powered by a single rocket engine that generates a big kick of 135,000 lbs. Recently Defense Secretary Neil McElroy ordered Chrysler to get a production line set up for the Army's liquid-fuel 1,500-mile **Jupiter**, and hopes to deliver a dozen or so **Jupiters** to NATO late this year. One of **Jupiter**'s several major weaknesses is that fueling and other priming take so long that **Jupiter** would be of little use as a threat of instant retaliation.

Looking ahead, the U.S.'s best intermediate-range prospect is the Navy's experimental solid-charge, 1,500-mile **Lockheed Polaris**, designed to be fired from surface vessels or nuclear submarines. **Polaris**' solid charge, a slow-burning chemical compound, makes **Polaris** the U.S.'s

first "second-generation" long-range ballistic missile; the solid charge will be easier, simpler, faster to handle than present types of liquid fuel. **Polaris**, the first true pushbutton IRBM in sight, is lighter and smaller, so cannot pack as heavy a warhead as **Jupiter** and **Thor**. Its ultimate success will depend for several years upon 1) development of hydrogen warheads lighter than present models; 2) improvement of solid fuels to get more reliability and longer range; 3) production of a fleet of new-design nuclear submarines, each equipped to store, transport and fire a big salvo. Chief of Naval Operations **Arleigh Burke** looks to test-fire the first **Polaris** this summer, to get **Polaris** operational before 1960. The Air Force also is interested in a solid-fuel, **Polaris**-type missile for its own land-based "second generation."

Penetration Missiles

Much closer to operational status are the U.S.'s "strategic penetration aids," i.e., air-to-ground missiles designed to be lifted almost all the way to target by subsonic **B-47** and **B-52** intercontinental jet bombers, then let fly at supersonic speed at ranges of 100 miles or more to dump hydrogen warheads onto targets. Just about operational is the Air Force's 100-mile, 1,000-m.p.h. **Bell Rascal**, already in pilot production. North American's **Project WS-131B** is an experimental supersonic hydrogen-warhead item with a 350-mile range. And Convair's new supersonic **B-58** jet bomber carries a **B-58 Pod** that can be used, among other things, as a powered air-to-ground missile or a free-fall hydrogen bomb.

A key purpose of strategic penetration aids is deception. Fairchild is therefore developing the all-Fiberglas **Goose** and McDonnell the **Green Quail**, both very small, very promising missiles intended to take electronic countermeasures over enemy territory to mix up enemy radar. Advantage of Fiberlas: it is invisible to radar and infra-red detection. **Northrop** is also developing **Crossbow**, a vicious air-to-ground missile designed to home in on enemy radar stations and kill them. Another probable radar-killer: Navy's experimental **Martin Bullpup**.

Defense Missiles

In the air-missile power equation, the offensive is so far ahead of the defensive that anti-aircraft and anti-missile systems can hardly expect to achieve more than 25% effectiveness. The U.S. is nonetheless now developing 25 defensive missiles, with prime attention to the Air Force's area-defense **Bomarc**, a ramjet-powered interceptor that is designed to kill enemy aircraft 350 miles away and 60,000 ft. up. Boeing's **Bomarc** is just moving into full

production. This week the Air Force will give Boeing a production-letter contract for about 100 Bomarc and ground-support equipment. The Army has long deployed around U.S. big cities its operational point-defense missile **Nike Ajax**, a beam rider with a range of about 25 miles, but Nike Ajax can easily be defeated by enemy countermeasures. The Army is meanwhile well along on the experimental **Nike Hercules**, a more sophisticated, solid-fuel missile with an atomic warhead. And the Army is also developing a specialty item, Raytheon's solid-fuel **Hawk**, designed to meet attack by enemy bombers scooping in at low level beneath U.S. radar.

Some Air Force and Navy interceptor planes are already using air-to-air guided missiles (with electronic or infra-red detection) to boost their chances of a hit. e.g., the Air Force's three types of the **Hughes Falcon** and the Navy's **Sidewinder**, but such missiles must make a direct hit to kill, can be deflected by enemy countermeasures. Most promising experimental Air Force air-to-air missile: the Douglas **Genie**, a non-guided atomic missile that can kill at near-miss range of half a mile or more by the brute force of its explosion. Genie has been test-fired successfully in Nevada.

Neither the U.S. nor the U.S.S.R. has defensive missiles effective against ballistic-missile attack from land or from surface vessels or submarines. President Eisenhower wants the anti-missile missile program put on a crash basis, has asked for some results by next year. The Air Force is considering development of Convair's **Wizard** and the Army Chrysler's **Nike Zeus**, but the mission of the contramissile is difficult. Within 15 minutes the contramissile system must 1) detect an enemy missile—or missiles—homing in through space; 2) track, determine and lock on the precise ballistic trajectory; 3) set its own course to target; 4) blast off; 5) climb, intercept and kill at altitudes above the present minimum kill-level of 30,000 ft. And the state of the art of contra-contramissile is ahead of the state of the art of contramissile. Already ICBMs can theoretically fragment into hundreds of bits of metal, all hurtling through space toward target, to pose the question to the contramissile system—Which one is the warhead? The U.S.'s best prospect for continental defense is therefore an advanced and costly early-warning system, so that the U.S. can have time to launch its own offensive power before the enemy can destroy it on the ground. Earliest time estimate of a real anti-missile defense: 1965.

Tactical Missiles

The U.S. is developing about ten tactical missile systems, most of them extensions of long-range artillery. Already operational in Europe and Formosa is the Air Force's **Martin Matador**, a 650-m.p.h. winged guided missile that can be jammed off course or shot down if it can be spot-

ted in time. The Navy can fire its similar **Regulus I**, now also operational, from the missile cruisers **Macon** and **Toledo**. It is also developing **Regulus II**, a more advanced guided missile that can reach an altitude of 50,000 ft. and speeds of 800 to 1,000 m.p.h.

The Army has long had an arsenal of operational short-range, battlefield ballistic missiles similar to the old German V-2s and equipped with atomic warheads. The **Corporal**, operational in Europe, is command-guided by radio to enemy rear concentration areas at 75- to 100-mile range. **Honest John**, also operational in Europe, can put an atomic warhead onto targets at closer 15- to 20-mile range, while **Little John**, half the size of **Honest John**, is a promising, highly mobile missile powered by solid charge. The Army also musters a couple of specialties: **LaCrosse**, a truck-launched artillery rocket for 8- to 10-mile closeup tactical support; and **Dart**, a stub-winged, solid-fuel rocket designed to knock out enemy tanks at two-mile range. The Army's most ambitious short-range project: The **Redstone**, a liquid-fuel, 200-mile ballistic missile, in production but not yet operational. And last week Defense Secretary McElroy ordered the Army to start work on a smaller, solid-fuel replacement for Redstone with 500-mile range.

Space Warfare

Space satellites have a crucial near-future military value. e.g., reconnaissance, target-location and selection, intelligence. The Air Force is developing a Lockheed space project called **Big Brother** or **Pied Piper**, a system designed to throw out one or more space satellites into orbit at a 300-mile altitude. Function: a continual survey of the world, reported by television and other means. The Air Force is also considering other multibillion-dollar space projects that are years away but must be started up soon. Among them: a project to position four reconnaissance space satellites thousands of miles up; another that involves construction of space platforms serviced by manned gliders and provisioned by Atlas freighters. The military value of these projects leads inevitably to antisatellite missiles and to wholly new phases of the deterrent concept as the world moves into space.

The Second Generation

The U.S.'s program of "first-generation" strategic missiles is operating on the Defense Department's top-of-the-budget top priority, is on or ahead of schedule. The Air Force alone is spending \$3,000,000 a day on ballistic missiles, has already mobilized an organization of 16 prime contractors, 200 major subcontractors, 228,000 suppliers and vendors, and is enlisting the best available scientific help, whether civilian or military. But the Air Force's missile boss, Major General Ben Schriever, believes that the U.S. missile program "can and should" be expanded right now in terms of 1) more ICBM and



ATLAS: FOR TOMORROW

IRBM base construction, 2) more training of missile crews, 3) more funds for Titan, 4) stepped-up production of the IRBM Thor. With the Rockefeller Report (TIME, Jan. 13), Schriever believes that the U.S. should be preparing more thoroughly for its biggest chance of overtaking the Russians: to set up production and modification lines so that the U.S. can churn out arsenals of missiles with the full vigor of U.S. production the moment a tested piece of "hardware" becomes operational.

Beyond these first-generation needs, the U.S. will hear much in coming weeks of the need for looking more sharply into the future and appropriating funds for the second-generation missiles of the mid-1960s. Schriever's command can produce detailed designs of second-generation liquid-fuel or more probably solid-charge missiles; the Air Force Research and Development Command believes that contracts for second-generation missiles can and should be let now. Beyond that, U.S. science and U.S. defense face the challenge not only of overtaking the Russians along established strategic and technological lines but of developing wholly new lines, in the style of the U.S.'s pioneer nuclear submarines and pioneer balloon-launched moonward rockets, in which the U.S. can get ahead and stay ahead of the U.S.S.R. Says Schriever: "We must make a start on our specific space capabilities immediately if we are to have any chance of leading in space technology in the 1965-70 prime period."

Thus goes—and must go—the U.S.'s struggle to maintain the peace and security of the free world by maintaining the deterrent power on earth and in space through the late 1950s and 1960s into the 1970s. "Our real problem," the President summed up in his State of the Union address last week, "is not our strength today; it is the vital necessity of action today to ensure our strength tomorrow."

FOREIGN NEWS

THE COLD WAR

Extra Mile to the Summit

A blizzard of Cyrillic characters blew into the chancelleries of Western Europe and, to the public eye, all but obliterated the measured phrases of President Dwight D. Eisenhower's State of the Union message. Russia's Premier Bulganin, who seems determined not to let the President of the U.S. get a word in edgewise if he can help it, loosed a new series of letters suggesting that the chiefs of government of all NATO countries and all Warsaw Pact countries, plus assorted neutrals, get together "in the next two or three months" to talk over everything from atom-free zones to disarmament. KREMLIN SUGGESTS MEETING AT GENEVA, bannered Paris' *Le Monde*, adding in a smaller headline below: "In His Speech to Congress, M. Eisenhower Insisted on Economic Aid."

Man & Moment. In editorial pages, Eisenhower's speech was generally praised for its air of resolution, and its emphasis on the importance of economic aid. Wrote the pro-Socialist *New Rhein Zeitung*: "What he told his countrymen will calm them and us." The British, who often prefer eloquence to solidity, were vaguely disappointed. Said the *London Times*: "There is no mistaking—there never has been—the passionate sincerity behind the President's words or his willingness to 'go the extra mile with anyone on earth if it will bring nearer a genuine peace.' But such phrases show a disquieting tendency to leave it to others—which particularly of course means the Russians—to suggest the first steps." The *Daily Telegraph* was more enthusiastic. "Perhaps, after five years of frustration, the man and the moment are at last well met."

The Discombobulator. In his hurry to snatch the headlines from Eisenhower, Bulganin had not even waited to get a reply to his December round of notes, which he had timed to distract the NATO chiefs at the summit meeting in Paris. U.S. Secretary of State Dulles scoffed at the Russian proposals as "old," "barren," and intended to "discombobulate the efforts of the NATO countries to work out a coordinated answer to the earlier letters." They did, since they arrived between two sessions of the NATO Council, meeting in the Palais de Chaillot to discuss the wording of the allies' replies to Bulganin's first round of letters.

The Soviet Union was clearly exploiting its initiative politically to probe for soft spots in the NATO façade, and the Russians obviously hoped that in their latest bagful of old schemes—e.g., a ban on nuclear tests, the Polish plan for an atom-free zone in Central Europe, renunciation of the use of force in the Middle East—Westerners with a desire to disengage might find items to lure them on.

The Russian drive went on all week. It began with the announcement that Russia was "voluntarily" reducing its armed forces by 300,000 men as a "new,

serious contribution to the cause of easing tensions"; more likely the cut was a routine step in the reshaping of their mass army into more modern and streamlined form. Following up Norway's and Denmark's refusal at last month's NATO conference to accept nuclear arms, Bulganin sent still another note to Denmark's Socialist Premier Hans Christian Hansen suggesting that the proposed atom-free zone for Central Europe be extended to include Finland and Scandinavia. In Moscow an Italian Communist Senator said Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko had



BULGANIN
Hurrying to grab the headlines.

proposed to him: "The atomic neutralization of Italy could be part of an agreement for the atomic neutralization of any other country by which Italy considers itself menaced, particularly as far as the Italian Adriatic coast is concerned." As if to make the offer more persuasive, Rome reported that missile bases were under construction at three sites across the Adriatic in Communist Albania.

By Popular Demand. Bulganin also snapped up the idea of a nonaggression pact between NATO and Warsaw Pact countries, which Britain's Prime Minister Macmillan had tossed out just before departing for India. Last week, disregarding icy stares from the U.S. State Department and deprecating comment from his own Foreign Office, the Prime Minister not only told Indian reporters, "I stand by my initial statement," but added that he was sure "President Eisenhower would be willing to make such a formal declaration too."

Macmillan and many other Western leaders are now privately convinced that a summit meeting of some kind is in the cards, if not within two or three months as the Russians urge, at least

before the end of 1958. They reject the 26-nation affair proposed by Bulganin—which diplomats promptly dubbed "the monster meeting." But Macmillan feels that public opinion demands that the free world's leaders search out every possible way to peace at every level, including the highest.

At week's end, speaking with a forcefulness that U.S. pronouncements have too often lacked, President Eisenhower startled Europe with an answer to Bulganin that was also a challenge (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS). In his offer to meet "the Soviet leaders," Eisenhower added only the proviso on which his NATO allies were agreed: "It would be essential that, prior to such a meeting, these complex matters should be worked on in advance through diplomatic channels, and by our foreign ministers, so that the issues can be presented in form suitable for our decisions."

WESTERN EUROPE

Taking Shape

Undramatically and tentatively, the United States of Europe—or the closest thing to it since Charlemagne—may be taking shape in 1958. On Jan. 1, economic and atomic "communities" drawing together 165 million Europeans of six nations (France, West Germany, Italy, the Benelux countries) came into being.

Last week the Foreign Ministers of "Little Europe" met in Paris to elect officers for the Common Market and Euratom. They also chose directors for two other six-nation agencies, the thriving Coal and Steel Community and the new billion-dollar European Investment Bank. But they could not settle on a single city for their capital. Luxembourg's white-mustached old Premier and Foreign Minister Joseph Bech put up such a stubborn fight to keep the European Coal and Steel Community headquarters (and its \$6,000,000 yearly payroll) for his tiny country that the founding fathers could only agree to postpone their choice until their next meeting in June.

West Germany's Professor Walter Hallstein, 56, representing "Little Europe's" foremost industrial power, got the top job of the new European Economic Community. A former Frankfurt University rector who, as Under Secretary in the Foreign Ministry, ably negotiated some of Konrad Adenauer's most notable diplomatic accomplishments (the basic treaties with the Allies, the Saar treaty with France, Israeli reparations, Schuman Plan membership), Bachelor Lawyer Hallstein has won the full confidence of *der Alte* as a "good European," sure to work devotedly for the ultimate creation of a larger free-trading area that will include Britain and most other European nations and rival the U.S. and U.S.S.R. in wealth.

France's square-set, hard-driving Louis Armand, 53, became president of the six-nation European Atomic Energy Com-

munity. A classic specimen of the twilight civil servants-turned-out by France's elite schools to carry on the nation's business while governments rise and fall, Armand is the engineer whose imaginative direction has restored French railways to a place among Europe's best. As president of a prospecting commission, he sparked the French drive to develop Sahara oil. Appointed one of the "Three Wise Men" in 1955 to look into Western Europe's energy needs, he has led the campaign for European development of atomic power.

Louis Armand arguing for Euratom, says Paris' *L'Express*, "is Saint Bernard preaching at Vézelay on Easter Sunday and leading his listeners off on the Crusade." Though he starts, he says, with "three empty notebooks and a pencil," Armand promises 15 million kw. of atomic-produced electric power for "Little Europe" by 1967, (U.S. atomic-power goal: 1,000,000 kw. by 1962.)

GREAT BRITAIN

One Percent Difference

In his single year as Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer, persuasive, even-tempered Peter Thorneycroft, 48, had established himself as a prospective Tory Prime Minister. His sponsorship of the British plan for a free trade area embracing all Western Europe (*TIME*, Jan. 28) earned him a reputation for vision; he won the admiration of Britain's business community by his unflinching fight against the domestic inflation that lies at the root of Britain's economic difficulties. Early last week the *Times* of London gave Prime Minister Harold Macmillan high marks for "coolly and firmly backing a courageous Chancellor of the Exchequer." But even as subscribers were reading these flattering words over their morning tea, Peter Thorneycroft had ceased to be Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The cause of Thorneycroft's abrupt departure from the Cabinet was his insistence that government expenditures must be maintained at exactly the same level as last year's. But in the new estimates, expenditures came out almost £50 million (\$140,000,000) higher. This was not because of new extravagances but because standard welfare-state services would cost more. To cut the last £50 million would mean cutting into such programs as free milk for children and expectant mothers, reducing the family allowances that pay parents \$1.12 a week for their second child, \$1.40 for each subsequent child. To cut such payments, argued Thorneycroft's opponents, would cause deep resentment, might provoke the unions into demands for wage increases.

Thorneycroft was adamant. In his fight to choke off the inflationary spiral he had drastically limited private bank loans, upped the Bank of England interest rate to its highest level in 37 years, asked industry to reduce investment. Now, he argued, the government must do its part by refusing to increase its spending by so much as a penny. His opponents, keenly aware of the votes that could be lost by cutting family allowances, retorted that



EX-CHANCELLOR THORNEYCROFT
Question of principle.

the amount involved was trifling—less than 1% of the projected budget. The showdown came at a late-night Cabinet meeting at 10 Downing Street. Peter Thorneycroft found all 17 of the other ministers present arrayed against him. Taut and white-faced, he announced that the Prime Minister would have his resignation forthwith.

"Little Local Difficulties." Next day, in a stiff letter to Macmillan, Thorneycroft wrote: "My reason can be shortly stated . . . The government itself must, in my view, accept the same measure of financial discipline as it seeks to impose on others." No less curtly, Macmillan replied: "You say that the [budget] for the next year must be the exact equivalent of the sum spent this year. The rigid

application of this formula would do more harm than good . . . This is not a matter of popularity . . . This is a matter of good judgment . . . I particularly regret that you should think it necessary to take this step when the difference between you and the rest of the Cabinet is such a narrow one."

True to his favorite political formula—when in trouble, play it down—Harold Macmillan promptly replaced Thorneycroft with 58-year-old Derick Heathcoat Amory (pronounced "Hethcut") Amory, who had been Minister of Agriculture. Then, refusing even to contemplate the slightest alteration in his schedule, Macmillan departed on a five-week tour of Commonwealth nations. As he boarded his plane, he said: "I thought the best thing to do was to settle up these little local difficulties and then turn to the wider vision of the Commonwealth."

"Not a Revolt." Macmillan's nonchalance was not reflected in the government he left behind. Snapped Nigel Birch, one of two senior Treasury officials who resigned along with Thorneycroft: "The Treasury ministers were out to win the battle of inflation. The others were not. That is what the basic quarrel was about." The *Times*, its brief love affair with Macmillan ended, said: "If, as we believe, a principle is at stake, the smallness of the amount involved becomes an argument for strict observance of the principle, not an argument that it does not really matter anyway." In rebuttal, Home Secretary "Rab" Butler, acting chief of government during Macmillan's absence, insisted that the Cabinet "is united and determined to continue with its battle against inflation," added waspishly: "Other people besides the retired chancellor are entitled to their own convictions and their own particular brand of courage."

Rubbing hands gleefully at the spectacle of Tory disunity, Britain's Laborites plunged into the fray with ringing demands for Macmillan's resignation and a general election. As the Laborites well knew, such demands were unlikely to be fulfilled. By week's end party ranks closed. Even bitter Nigel Birch had publicly stated that "this is not a revolt against the government. We intend to support the new government by voice and vote." While 30 Tory M.P.s sent congratulations to Thorneycroft, only one threatened to desert the Conservative Party.

Second Choice. Macmillan's choice of stooped, spectacled Derick Heathcoat Amory as Thorneycroft's successor was well calculated to reassure the financial community if any man could. A shy, retiring Etoumian who was wounded and captured while fighting with Britain's paratrooping Red Devils at Arnhem during World War II, Heathcoat Amory is a successful businessman who has helped make his family textile company one of Britain's most progressive. A staunch friend of the U.S. and an enthusiastic champion of the European free trade area, he has earned wide respect for his ability in administering the thorny ministries of Pensions and Agriculture, has been described as "everybody's second choice



CHANCELLOR HEATHCOAT AMORY
Matter of judgment.

for every senior post in the government."

Thorneycroft was the first Chancellor of the Exchequer to resign in protest against government policy since 1886, when Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir Winston's father, quit the Cabinet of Lord Salisbury.⁶ Despite all Harold Macmillan's reassurances, so drastic a protest inevitably stirred fears that the government was, in fact, backing away from the stern fiscal policies that have halted the drain on Britain's gold and dollar reserves and stabilized the pound. The pound dipped briefly, then steadied at \$2.81 as Heathcoat Amory reiterated his determination to defend sterling. "Nothing whatever will take precedence," he said. At week's end the *Economist* was commenting reassuringly: "This has been primarily a politicians' and administrators' not an economists' quarrel."

⁶ Grandfather of the present Lord Salisbury, who last year as Tory leader of the House of Lords and Lord President of the Council resigned in protest against Harold Macmillan's Cyprus policy.

Tangled Feet

Few if any Englishmen of his generation have sired so many eminent sons as the Right Honorable Isaac Foot, 77, onetime leader of Britain's Liberal Party. Son Dingle, 52, former chairman of the trust that runs the London *Observer*, was for 14 years a Liberal M.P., is now a prominent Laborite and an ornament of the British bar. Son Michael, 44, a former Labor M.P., edits the Bevanite left-wing weekly *Tribune*. But most prominent of all the Foot sons at the moment is 50-year-old Sir Hugh, who, as Governor of Cyprus, has been energetically working to bring peace to Britain's most troublesome colony.

Last week, for the benefit of the London *Daily Mail* Isaac Foot indulged in some reflections on his distinguished brood. "Sir Hugh," said he, "was always considered the slightly out-of-step hearty in an intellectual ménage . . . Several times when he was six or seven he went off, and we found him with the gypsies on the downs

CENTRAL PRESS

DEVON



DINGLE



JOHN

In a Foot fight . . .

—hardly distinguishable from them." Then, adding insult to injury, father Foot remarked that "anybody can be an M.P. or governor of Cyprus" and hailed a recent book on Jonathan Swift by son Michael as "the summit of the Foot family's achievement."

Hearty Sir Hugh promptly struck back in a letter to the *Daily Mail's* editor,

THE DAY DEMOCRACY DIED IN RUSSIA

REX MUTH



VISHNIAK

Forty years ago this week, the only freely elected Parliament in the history of Russia met in Petrograd. For Russia's people, the Constituent Assembly was more than just a word. It was the instrument that was to fashion a new, democratic Russia. The Bolsheviks, seizing power in the October Revolution, permitted the elections already arranged by the Kerensky government, because they thought they would win. They were stunned at the results. Across Russia, an astonishing 50% of the eligibles voted; out of a total of 707 delegates, 370 were Social Revolutionaries, only 175 Bolsheviks. Seventeen hours after it met, the Constituent Assembly was destroyed. Mark Vishniak, senior member of TIME's Russian desk since 1946, was a Social Revolutionary delegate from the district of Yaroslavl, and was elected Secretary of the Constituent Assembly. His retrospective account of what happened the day democracy died in Russia:

On JAN. 18, 1918 was an ordinary winter's day in Petrograd. There was neither sun nor wind, nor the specially translucent "Petrograd air." A heavy snow, long since fallen and not swept away, lay in the streets and on rooftops.

That morning I met with the other Social Revolutionary Deputies at a small restaurant not far from the Tauride Palace. Roll was called. Rosettes of red silk and entry tickets were handed out. We exchanged news and rumors—it was said that the delegates who had been arrested by the Reds were now to be released from the Peter Paul Fortress. This Bolshevik "gesture" was widely commented on. It seemed a clear sign of yielding on the part of an unyielding regime. The situation appeared to be developing more favorably than anyone would have thought.

Vacillating Peasants. A little past noon we set off, walking in an extended column down the middle of the street. It was less than a mile to the palace. The nearer we approached, the more troops we encountered. Each carried a

rifle, bristled with grenades, was festooned with cartridge belts. Passers-by stopped as we went past, but seldom spoke. After staring at us with sympathetic eyes, they hurried on their way. As we marched, I conferred with V. M. Chernov, one of the SR party leaders.

The courtyard before the 18th century Tauride Palace was filled with artillery, machine guns, field kitchens. All the gates in the high grillwork fence were bolted except a small wicket gate at the extreme left, where we entered, single file. Each ticket of admission was studied by guards newly arrived from Finland and the Kronstadt naval base. There was a second checkup at the towering entrance to the palace, this time by units of a Latvian rifle brigade famed for its loyalty to Bolshevism and brought to Petrograd by Lenin because "the Russian peasant may vacillate if something happens—what's needed is proletarian firmness." At the entrance to the auditorium we passed under a third scrutiny. The footfalls of armed men and the clatter of weapons made the colonnaded hall sound like a barracks.

Late-arriving delegates brought alarming news. Some 10,000 people, demonstrating in the Liteiny Prospekt in support of the Constituent Assembly, had been dispersed by Red gunfire. Witnesses reported that dozens of bodies lay bloodily in the snow. We had hoped that two crack regiments, the Semyonov and the Preobrazhensky, would act in defense of the Assembly. Now word came that they had decided to remain neutral; they would neither go into the streets against the demonstrators nor join with them. Like other regular army units, they believed that all that was at stake was a simple misunderstanding between the authority of the Bolshevik regime and that of the Constituent Assembly. The soldiers hoped both bodies could find a way of uniting peacefully. So did the 40 delegates of the "Left" Social Revolutionaries who had decided to collaborate with the Bolsheviks. Lenin was later to describe them as "little fools."

Convulsive Hands. The opening of the Assembly was set for midnight, but hours passed. The Bolsheviks protested that all their delegates had not arrived—ignoring the fact that many opposition Deputies were still locked in prison or hiding from the police. We waited patiently through all the delays and redelays until, after a new postponement, we



MICHAEL



HUGH

... kicks and quips.

Wrote Sir Hugh: "This is the culmination of a whispering campaign put about, I am sure, by my brothers. They say to any newspaperman who will listen that I am a sort of wild half-wit brought up on the Cornish moors. . . . They suggest that I was shuffled off overseas because I was clearly unfit to follow their pursuits of the law and politics." Actually, insisted

Sir Hugh, he had won as many scholastic honors as an undergraduate at Cambridge as his brothers had when they were up at Oxford. "As to the gypsies," wrote the Cyprus governor, "well, I like gypsies. And who wouldn't make for the moors when the alternative was to endure the insufferable superiority of four Oxford brothers?"

This sally drew a reply from brother John, who is a partner in the Foot family solicitors' firm in Plymouth. Tartyly, John accused Sir Hugh of advertising "his intellectual accomplishments—such as they are." Sir Hugh's letter, John went on, disclosed "a monumental arrogance which leads him to assume that we, his brothers, have nothing better to do than discuss him and his affairs with newspapermen."

Only at week's end, after many a Briton had recoiled at this unseemly consanguineous attack on a man whose prestige was a crucial factor in the delicate situation in Cyprus, did the Foots admit that the whole thing was their notion of a harmless family joke.

ALGERIA

"It's Here!"

In the desert town of Touggourt, French officials and a sprinkling of carefully chosen Algerians stood in a railroad freight yard ringed by three fences of barbed wire and guarded by soldiers. "This achievement will astonish the world," said Max Lejeune, France's Minister of the Sahara. Engineers threw open the valves of a 6-in. "baby" pipeline, technicians stepped forward to fill souvenir bottles. "It's here! It's here!" shouted jubilant officials. The first oil from the Sahara was on its way to France.

The French had gone to considerable trouble and expense to make the celebration possible. Sahara oil has become one of France's main reasons for refusing to yield war-torn Algeria. Politicians have held it up as treasure trove that would restore France to riches and greatness. The Hassi Messaoud field alone has estimated reserves of at least 200 million metric tons—ten times France's present

voted to open the Assembly at 4 o'clock, whatever happened. What we did not know was that, by then, the Reds were in full control of the city's streets.

In the Assembly, the SRs filled up the center of the hall. On the right were a few scattered Deputies of the "national-bourgeois" groups. On the left sat the Moslem and Ukrainian Socialists, then came the Left SRs and, finally, the Bolsheviks. Lenin was there. Three nights before, while driving through Petrograd, he had been fired on by assassins and the man beside him had been wounded. But he appeared unruffled as he loomed on the steps of the platform, squeezing his hands convulsively together and, with his huge, blazing eyes, surveying the entire hall from one end to the other.

At 4 o'clock one of us rose and proposed that the senior member open the Assembly proceedings. The "senior" was an SR Deputy, S. P. Shvetsov. He mounted the stage, accompanied by a bestial racket from the left that was to continue for hours. Mingled with the shouts and whistles were howls and yells, stamping of feet and pounding on desktops. The galleries, jammed with members of the Bolshevik party, added to the appalling din.

Bolsheviks leaped to the stage and wrested the Speaker's bell from Shvetsov's hand. The Bolshevik Sverdlov, ringing the captured bell, announced the opening of the Assembly for the second time. After a singing of the *Internationale*, Sverdlov invited the Deputies to become a rubber-stamp Parliament, warning us that "even from a formal point of view," any opposition to the Soviet regime was, in essence, illegal. Before murdering the Assembly, the Reds were giving it the option of committing suicide.

Mute Deputies. The first vote was the crucial one—for the chairmanship of the Assembly. The SRs nominated Chernov; the Bolsheviks, Marya Skpiridonova. Chernov won, 244-151. Apparently, he had the pathetic hope that the Reds might be persuaded to moderation and compromise; his speech was couched in Socialist and international tones, as though attempting to placate the Bolsheviks and appealing for the unity that all Russia desperately wanted. The response was bloodthirsty. "Bullets are the only way!" screamed the Bolsheviks. In answer to Chernov, Bolshevik Nikolai Bukharin strode to the platform to cry, "We demand a dictatorship of the toiling classes!" and, "From this platform we proclaim a war to the death on the bourgeois-parliamentary republic."

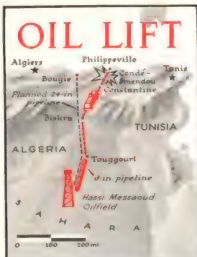
By 11 that night it became clear to Lenin that harassment and threats would not prevent the SR majority from enacting a whole series of resolutions that would have the effect of law. His tactic: an order to the Bolshevik Deputies to walk out of the Assembly. After some hesitation, the Left SRs followed them. In the hall, the sailors and Red soldiers now threw off all restraint. They leaped through the barriers, carried their rifles cocked along the corridors, stormed into the galleries. In their seats the Deputies were motionless, tragically mute. We were isolated from the world, just as the Tauride Palace was isolated from Petrograd, and Petrograd from Russia. Surrounded by tumult, in the wilderness, we were given over to the will of the triumphant enemy.

"Citizen Sailor." There were moments when it seemed that the troops would end the tension by opening fire. We heard that trucks had been brought up to carry us off as prisoners. We collected candles in case the electricity was cut off. Through it all, we maintained the forms of parliamentary procedure. At 4 in the morning, during a debate on the land law, a sailor climbed up on the platform, went to the podium and stood there for a time as though sunk in thought. Then, abruptly, he pulled Chairman Chernov's sleeve and announced that, according to instructions he had received, everybody was to leave the hall. An argument began between Chernov and the "Citizen Sailor." Chernov insisting: "We'll disperse only if force is used," and the sailor stubbornly repeating: "The meeting hall must be cleared immediately."

We had had no food since noon; we were all exhausted; we knew that imprisonment or death or exile lay ahead for most of us. At 4:40 a.m. the first session of the All-Russian Constituent Assembly came to an end. We voted to adjourn and voted a special resolution to meet again at 5 in the afternoon.

The excited crowd left the hall in a slowly moving stream. V. M. Chernov came down from the platform, rolling his papers into a cylinder. We walked off to the coat racks together. The sentries did not stop anyone, but I heard a remark aimed at Chernov: "There's someone for the point of a bayonet."

The last word was Lenin's. In an order to his troops that night, he said: "From tomorrow morning on, no one will be allowed into the Tauride Palace." The only freely elected Parliament in the history of Russia had lasted less than a single day. Russia subsided into the Soviet night.



Trust Map by J. Donovan

annual consumption. With two years to wait for a full-sized 24-in. pipeline from the Sahara to the Mediterranean coast, the French strung the baby pipeline across 93 miles of desert from Hassi Messaoud northward to Touggourt and widened 120 miles of narrow-gauge railway to transport the oil from Touggourt to the coast. One barrel of oil delivered to France in this cumbersome fashion costs an estimated ten times as much as a barrel imported some 6,000 miles from Texas—but the French, anxious to create a "psychological shock" at home, considered it cheap at the price.

The Algerian rebels were equally intent on proving that the Sahara's oil would never be secure so long as France refused Algeria independence. As the first shipment was being pumped aboard the silver tank cars at Touggourt, rebels blew up a section of the rail line to the coast, derailed 20 cars of a freight train in a psychological shock of their own. But the tracks were hastily repaired, the armed guard increased, and by week's end the first oil safely reached Philippeville for loading aboard a ship bound for France. In a few years, predicted Max Lejeune, France will be self-supporting in its oil needs, will rank as one of the world's largest oil powers.

ITALY

A Touch of Mare Nostrum

In Rome last week a taut, red-faced man with an angry glint in his eye called in New York Times Correspondent Paul Hofmann and unburdened himself of a bitter complaint. "The Americans," said he, "have done a nasty thing to Italy in Libya."

The angry man was Enrico Mattei, boss of E.N.I., the state-owned oil and gas company which in little more than a decade has grown out of a near-bankrupt Fascist monopoly to become Italy's most successful economic enterprise. The "nasty thing," according to Mattei, was E.N.I.'s complete exclusion from Libya, where more than a dozen British, French and

U.S. oil companies are engaged in a hard-driving search for oil. As Mattei told it, the Libyan government had suddenly reneged on a tentative agreement to give him a 17,000-sq.-mi. concession in the Libyan desert, instead gave the concession to American Overseas Petroleum, a jointly owned subsidiary of Texas Co. and Standard Oil of California.

To many oil experts it seemed likely that Libya had been motivated by E.N.I.'s relative lack of capital, its undistinguished record in finding oil in Italy, and the understandable reluctance of a former Italian colony to admit an Italian government corporation to its territory. Enrico Mattei had a simpler explanation: unfair pressure on the Libyan government by U.S. oil companies.

No Place. Libya was only an episode in a Mattei campaign that threatens to upset all the painfully negotiated agreements between Western oil companies and Arab governments in the Middle East. Mattei calls it a feud, and dates it from the day he applied for partnership in the international consortium that now runs the rich Iranian oilfields. "At the time," recalls Mattei, "E.N.I. had only two drilling rigs and no experience. The consortium laughed and denied me my place at the table."

Mattei set out to harry the major U.S. and British oil companies with every means at his disposal. He tried unsuccessfully to drive foreign oil firms from semi-autonomous Sicily; succeeded, through his influence over the Italian Parliament, in getting them excluded from Italy's promising Po Valley. Then, in a far more ambitious challenge, he began to move into the Middle East, offering Arab governments terms seemingly more generous than the standard fifty-fifty split negotiated by British and American companies. Under one such agreement, an E.N.I. subsidiary is now producing some 600,000 metric tons of oil a year in Egypt; others are exploring in Somaliland, negotiating in Morocco. The climax of Mattei's Middle East drive came last September, when, in return for a promise of 75% of profits,* the Iranian government gave him a 12,000-sq.-mi. exploratory concession, more than half of which lies just south of the highly productive Qum fields.

Our Natural Basin. These ventures, accompanied by a drumfire of propaganda appealing to Italian nationalism, have made Mattei one of the most popular as well as one of the most powerful men in Italy. They have also won him the wholehearted support of ambitious President Giovanni Gronchi, who makes little at-

* An offer far less openhanded than it sounds. Reasons: Mattei did not pay the substantial concession bonus that Iran would have got from any U.S. company, and, unlike a normal fifty-fifty deal where the oil company puts up all the capital, Mattei's agreement obliges Iran to pay 50% of the exploration and development costs if oil is discovered. Some oil experts estimate that it could take to years of successful production before the Iranians begin to make as much money out of Mattei's seventy-five, twenty-five split as they would out of a standard fifty-fifty split.

tempt to conceal his restiveness with Italy's postwar policy of unswerving support for U.S. foreign policies. In Mattei's invasion of the Middle East, Gronchi and Italian Foreign Minister Giuseppe Pella see a means of winning an independent international position for Italy. The Gronchi-Pella policy, confusingly christened "neatlanticism," looks forward to a day when Italy will be a major force in the affairs of the Middle East, will be able to serve as "mediator" between the West and the Arab world. "Italy's natural basin for expansion," declared the Christian Democratic Party organ *Il Popolo* last week, "is the Mediterranean."

Mattei was clearly undeterred by the Libyan setback. Convinced that his terms for extracting oil give him an unbeatable weapon, Mattei last week declared that Italy would expand its oil interests in the Middle East "whenever and wherever there is a chance."

IRAN

On the Slopes of Haft Kuh

Last spring, when three Americans traveling by jeep across the Tangarkheh desert were ambushed and slain (TIME, April 8), the Iranian Cabinet fell, and the Shah of Iran personally ordered his gendarmes to bring in the head of the killer, a notorious bandit named Dadshah. Nineteen members of Dadshah's band (including his brother Ahmad Shah) were captured as they crossed the border into Pakistan; the rest scattered into the desert and the trackless barrens of the Kuh Sefid mountain range. Occasionally, Dadshah lashed out at his pursuers, as when he raided an encampment of tribesmen commissioned to capture him and killed a dozen of them.

Three months ago the gendarme net closed around the rugged slopes of Haft Kuh (Seven Mountains), where Dadshah



David Seymour—Forbes
ENRICO MATTEI
After a lough, a fight.



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and the remnants of his outlaws had gone to earth. Last week the police began the final assault on his mountain stronghold and carried the rampart in hand-to-hand fighting. Eight gendarmes died, but they accomplished their mission: Dadshah and another of his brothers were killed, and the rest of his band surrendered.

INDIA

Ten Years After

Setting down at New Delhi in a BOAC Britannia late one morning last week, Britain's Harold Macmillan found Union Jacks fluttering over India's capital in festive display for the first time since the British Raj moved out in 1947. Out at the airport to greet the only British Prime Minister ever to visit India while in office was an array of notables headed by Jawaharlal Nehru and backed up by thousands of cheering citizens.

In the four days that followed, Harold Macmillan—who plans to visit five Commonwealth nations in as many weeks—donned festal garlands, shucked off his shoes before placing a wreath on Mahatma Gandhi's shrine, ceremonially visited the spot from which British forces launched their final assault on Old Delhi during the Indian Mutiny of 1857. But the bulk of Macmillan's time was taken up in political discussion. In repeated talks with Nehru, he got an earful of Indian ideas on the necessity for nuclear disarmament and the desirability of a new summit meeting. At a banquet in Macmillan's honor, Neutralist Nehru warmly praised the British Prime Minister for his tentative endorsement a fortnight ago of an East-West nonaggression pact—an endorsement that Britain's Foreign Office has been trying to explain away ever since. Lunching with Indonesia's President Sukarno, who has made India his first stop on a six-week "rest cure" away from his fragmented country,* Macmillan listened noncommittally to an appeal for his aid in moderating Australian opposition to Indonesia's claim to Dutch New Guinea.

Flying off to Pakistan at week's end, Harold Macmillan took with him the cheering knowledge that the British are today more popular in India than ever before. Little more than ten years since Britain's viceroy ruled in New Delhi, British residents in India are more numerous (40,000) than they were in the last days of Empire, and, thanks to the new spirit of equality, enjoy far pleasanter relations with their Indian colleagues. As for the Indians themselves, they show surprisingly little resentment of the fact that Britons still control 80% of all foreign investments in India, own a majority (64%) of India's tea industry and a quarter of the vital jute industry. Given the choice, say Indian public-opinion surveys, more Indians would choose to visit England than any other place on earth.

KASHMIR

Lion Loosed

For more than four years the most obvious flaw in the shining moral armor of India's Jawaharlal Nehru has been the case of Sheikh Mohammed Abdullah, the strapping (6 ft. 2 in.) "Lion of Kashmir." Since August 1953 Abdullah has been held a prisoner without trial. His only crime: he pursued policies in Kashmir that were unacceptable to India's Prime Minister.

Once Nehru found use for the Lion. Then the Sheikh was Nehru's honored comrade in the fight against the British, and the powerful leader who could bind largely Moslem Kashmir to the new Indian nation in 1947. Abdullah became the state



Government of India
SHEIKH ABDULLAH
"It was India that betrayed me."

of Kashmir's first Premier and symbolized the ability of Moslems and Hindus to believe in one another. But as Jawaharlal Nehru, in his hardening determination to hold strategic Kashmir for India, brushed off even U.N. demands for the Kashmir plebiscite he had promised in 1947, Abdullah began talking of making his state independent.

One Wept. The Lion felt Nehru's anger and knew that his disciple and Deputy Premier, Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed, was plotting to take power. "One day," he said, "I called a confidential meeting of the party and said that if they wanted a new leader in whom they could have unqualified trust I would be the first to welcome him. Bakshi said right away, 'Who is the man who wants to take over from you, Sheikh Sahib?' and I said: 'You, Bakshi.' And Bakshi wept."

A short time later, after a visit to New Delhi, Bakshi arrested and supplanted his master as Kashmir's chief of government. Quite a few Kashmiris died rioting for their Lion and hero. Since then, Bakshi has built a powerful police force. New Delhi has poured in millions of dollars

worth of public works for the lovely, lake-jeweled Vale of Kashmir, and Kashmir's memory of the Lion has faded. Last fall Nehru confessed himself "pained and hurt" by his onetime friend's long imprisonment. Last week he judged it safe at last to allow the Lion's release.

At word that the Lion of Kashmir was loose again, India's top journalists turned their backs on Britain's Prime Minister Macmillan and other visiting notables and rushed for the Vale. But for the first three days, the canny Sheikh stayed put in the village of Kud among the snow-capped mountains, waiting for his followers to stir up a lion's welcome among the chilled and hungry Moslems of Srinagar. Reporters found him commanding and ramrod-straight as ever. "I am the same Sheikh Abdullah," he flashed, "but I must feel the pulse of the people before I know what to do."

He said Kashmir must decide its own future, but shied from saying whether he still favored independence. The man who had staked his career on his faith that Moslems could live as equals in Hindu India now charged that India had "smashed the confidence of the Kashmir people." He accused Nehru's government of discriminating against Kashmir's Moslem majority by denying them army promotions and postal jobs, of setting up a central intelligence bureau in Srinagar to bribe and corrupt his officials, of sabotaging his land-reform program. "I did not betray India," he roared. "It was India that betrayed me."

The Return. At week's end Sheikh Abdullah, wearing a long funeral-black *achkan* over loose white pajamas, held on to the windshield of his jeep and waved to crowds lining the road and jamming the towns along the way as he rode to his old capital at the head of a 30-car caravan. Srinagar welcomed him with a frightening din. When the Sheikh appeared on the balcony of a Moslem shrine, people prostrated themselves in a heap below, crying vows that they would lay down their lives for him.

From across the city Premier Bakshi warned that Kashmir's future was foreclosed, that his police would tolerate no challenge to law and order in "this border state of the Indian Union."

RUMANIA

Death of a Plowman

"I am a very lucky man!" said Rumania's burly, egotistical Petru Groza, "a sort of modern Midas." Born wealthy, he owned huge estates, was a director of many companies, served as a minister in the archconservative Cabinets after World War I, was a deputy in the Synod of the Rumanian Orthodox Church. In 1927 came the great change: Millionaire Groza abruptly abandoned what he called the "Sodom and Gomorrah" of Rumanian politics, retired to his Transylvanian estates, led a lusty Rabelaisian life and, in his words, "learned to think dialectically." Translation: Groza, an opportunist of agility, saw Russia as a coming power,

* Also in India last week: Red Czechoslovakia's Premier Vilém Strosky, who tactfully left Delhi to tour the Indian countryside shortly before Macmillan's arrival.

Communism as the wave of the future. "When I get up early in the morning," said he, "the first thing I see is the sun. It always rises in the east, and it is undeniably red." Landlord Groza formed a left-wing peasants' movement known as the Plowmen's Front. He piled up wartime profits under the German occupation, but he shrewdly calculated the turn of the tide, got himself jailed by the Nazis before the Reds marched in from the east.

On a cold afternoon in February 1945, Russia's Andrei Vishinsky buzzed into



Gard Heidemann

GROZA
Undeniably red.

Bucharest, hustled over to the palace of 24-year-old King Michael and banged out a desk-thumping ultimatum: fire the non-Communist government, install a pro-Communist regime—or sovereign Rumania would cease to exist. With Soviet troops in control of the country and no hope of help from Britain or the U.S., young Michael capitulated. The Kremlin's choice as Premier: Plowman Groza. A year later Groza helped the Communists under the promises of Yalta for free elections by arranging an elaborately rigged election which confirmed Rumania's paltry Communist minority in power. In December 1947 Groza bounced young King Michael off the throne and into exile.

From then on, the Reds no longer needed Groza. They fed his egomania, allowed him always to win at tennis, to keep his wealth, to indulge his tastes in wine, women and sports—"anything I can buy with money." In 1952 they kicked him upstairs to the post of chief of state.

Last week, at 73, Petru Groza died of intestinal cancer—the first and most unlikely front man the Communists used in their drive to sovietize Eastern Europe. The Reds marshalled thousands to mourn at his funeral, quickly elected another political nonentity, Foreign Minister Ion Maurer, as his successor.

CAMBODIA

Late Wisdom

Cambodia's ex-King Norodom Sihanouk has long been the most unpredictable political tumbler in Southeast Asia. At the Geneva Conference on Indo-China four years ago, Sihanouk's delegation won Western cheers with its courageous stand against Communist attempts to take Cambodia by negotiation. Later Sihanouk switched to "neutrality," made triumphant tours of Red China and the Soviet Union, at home coupled on-again-off-again praise for the Communists with equally erratic pats and cuffs for the West.

Last week Sihanouk (who has served five times as Premier, rules the country whether in office or out) was back from a long vacation in France, 20 pounds lighter and with some brisk new ideas. Calling his Sangkum Party to a convention in Phnompenh, he listened patiently while Sangkum Party Secretary Ek Yi Oun accused the Secretary of Agriculture of having organized a bacchanal, complete with prostitutes, for the National Assembly (retorted the Agriculture Secretary: "I organized the party, all right, but you brought the girls"). Then Sihanouk got to what was on his mind.

The Communists he had permitted to flourish so freely, Sihanouk told the convention, "are going to cut my throat." With a nod in the direction of both Red China and Communist North Viet Nam, he declared: "If the moment comes when we must die or be taken over by the Communists, we will accept inevitable death with the conviction that we have not betrayed our country." It was his most forthright anti-Communist speech to date. Sihanouk added: "Many countries have not believed in the mortal danger of Communism, and then, when the evidence became clear to them, it was too late and impossible for them to come to their senses. Look at Hungary!"

Last week some 5,000 demonstrators marched on the royal palace to cheer Sihanouk's stand. Sihanouk himself followed up his words with actions: first he summoned his ambassador home from Moscow, then warned Phnompenh's Soviet embassy and Chinese Communist trade mission to stop their propaganda activities forthwith. Apparently intending to get a brand new start all along the line, he had his father, King Norodom Suramarit, dissolve the squabbling Assembly, and ordered new elections.

FORMOSA

Restless Spirits

Boxed up in exile on Formosa, the legislators of Nationalist China have fretted for eight years. Since they represent vocational groups and home districts on the mainland that are under Communist control, they can neither be removed nor re-elected by voters. Accountable mainly to themselves, awaiting the "return to the mainland" that does not come, they have little to do; the provincial government of Formosa deals with most day-to-day

governing. They have little voice; the 15-man Standing Committee of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang Party decides government policies without consulting them. Result: lawmakers have tended increasingly to bolt party discipline, attack Chiang's ministers.

Four times between March and December last year the Control Yuan, Nationalist China's legislative watchdog body, summoned Premier O.K. Yui to come before the Yuan to answer charges of waste in 15 government agencies. Four times Yui refused. When Yui rejected a fifth summons on the ground that, under the constitution, he does not have to answer to the Control Yuan, the legislators' pent-up frustration exploded. The Control Yuan formally voted to impeach the Premier.

Named Premier in 1954, chubby, talkative O.K. Yui has built a reputation for personal honesty and integrity. The vote did appear to have been aimed less at Yui personally than at the Kuomintang Party's tight control of government affairs. Last week, as Yui's Cabinet approved the draft of the defense that he must submit to the Judicial Yuan for a ruling in the case, the Kuomintang's *Central Daily News* loftily pronounced the impeachment "meaningless and without value."

But politics-conscious people on Formosa agreed that the political atmosphere was more tense than at any time in



Yui
Internally tense.

years. The legislators showed no signs of backing down in their campaign for more authority, despite Chiang Kai-shek's pleas to avoid rocking the boat. In some quarters there were even mutterings about trying to form an opposition to the Kuomintang. But nowhere in the grumbling was there any threat to bolt Chiang's leadership in foreign policy or to try to make a deal with the mainland Reds. It was an internal squabble that Chiang would have to arbitrate if mediation failed.

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Associated Press

VENEZUELA

Sullen Bargain

Sapped and rattled by the knowledge that his whole air force and units of the army had rebelled against him in Venezuela's frustrated New Year's revolt, Dictator Marcos Pérez Jiménez last week bargained sullenly for the right to go on occupying the presidency. His top generals surrounded Miraflores Palace with tanks and troops (presumably for the President's protection) and argued forcefully that the prestige of all the armed forces hung on making concessions to the anti-dictatorial feelings of the rebels and their covert sympathizers. Almost from the beginning, the military men demanded the heads of Laureano Vallenilla Lanz and Pedro Estrada.

Blundering Theorist. For five years Minister of Interior Vallenilla Lanz, 45, had been Pérez Jiménez' chief flatterer, political soothsayer and official philosopher. Suave, well educated (at Paris' Sorbonne) and bookish, Minister Vallenilla mixed ideas from Mussolini, Thorstein Veblen and the U.S. fad of technocracy into a theory justifying dictatorship as the happiest state for Venezuelans. In working out what he called a "New National Ideal," Francophile, anticlerical Vallenilla Lanz led the dictator into many a blunder. One was December's unpalatable yes-or-no plebiscite for a second five-year term. Another was a conflict with the Roman Catholic Church, capped after the revolt by the jailing of five priests.

Pedro Estrada, 48, had headed the strongman's secret police, the *Seguridad Nacional*, for five years. Rising from a gumshoe job under an earlier dictator, Estrada perfected the arts of spying, bribing, the third degree and rebellion spotting, and thus made himself an invaluable prop for Pérez Jiménez. Caraqueños said that he "sleeps with his eyes open." Widely feared and hated among his own fellow citizens, Estrada ingratiated himself in slangy English with foreigners, especially U.S. citizens. "We have no political pris-

oners," Estrada liked to explain, "just people caught in terroristic activities."

Tension Relaxed. The pressure to oust Vallenilla and Estrada reached a peak one midnight last week with a resignation of the entire Cabinet. For 14 hours the officers at Miraflores haggled over new ministerial choices. Then Pérez Jiménez, worn, jittery and angry, called in reporters. From the head of a huge table, he presented the new Cabinet, including eight high officers and five holdovers. They were, he said glumly, designated "in accord with the feelings of the national armed forces." With the new Cabinet came a new *Seguridad* chief. Significantly, he was a colonel, which in effect gave the army control of *Seguridad*. Almost at once, 300 youths surged into downtown Plaza Silencio, staged a window-smashing demonstration for liberty for political prisoners. But even before the demonstration the new *Seguridad* chief freed the five jailed priests.

Vallenilla Lanz fled by plane to Paris, Estrada to the Dominican Republic. The country's tension dropped sharply, but Venezuelans openly wondered whether Pérez Jiménez could last until his inauguration day, April 19.

THE AMERICAS

Red Trade Offensive

President Eisenhower last week warned Congress of the dangers of the U.S.S.R.'s "intensive economic offensive." and Secretary of State Dulles took three opportunities to stress, with deep earnestness, the U.S. determination to meet Russia's threat in aid to underdeveloped lands. Even as they talked, the Soviet Union accepted the urgency of the matter by probing energetically for economic openings and weaknesses in South America.

Moscow prepared to receive an official Argentine equipment-buying mission of delegates from the state-owned oil monopoly, the state railways, the government's Coal Board and its Water and Power Board. Said the mission's chief,

Under Secretary of Industry Raúl Ondarts: "We urgently need machinery and capital goods. We do not care where they come from." In Brazil, top government officials re-examined their anti-Red-trade policies; President Juscelino Kubitschek said he knew "what dangers negotiations can lead to," but pointed out that Soviet-bloc countries "offer economic prospects that deserve to be studied."

Adroitly, the new Soviet economic offensive in South America focused on a pair of sensitive issues: U.S. oil policy and U.S. trade and tariff policy.

Oil. In the U.S., private-enterprise development of petroleum has been vastly successful, but Brazil and Argentina have long since adopted the French-Italian pattern of state oil enterprises. Frankly trying to export the private-enterprise concept, Washington has long refused loans to public companies.

This policy left Russia with a comfortable and obvious opening to offer oil-development loans and drilling rigs that the state monopolies now get, for cash, from the U.S. Soviet government officials and South American Communist leaders met in Moscow in November and plotted a new Russian attempt at trade penetration, starting in Brazil. Nikita Khrushchev himself offered oil-drilling equipment to Brazil.

Trade & Tariffs. U.S. purchases from Latin America poured \$4 billion into the area last year—a sum half again as much as U.S. economic assistance funds for the whole world. But simply because the trade is so large and so vital, minor changes in U.S. tariffs can affect it drastically. The

* Seated, from left: Finance Minister José Guzmán Zárraga, Minister of Interior General Luis Felipe Llovera Páez, Presidential Secretary Raúl Santelmas Baldo.

† U.S. business firms also make a whopping parallel contribution to Latin American treasures. Department of Commerce figures show that U.S.-owned companies in 1955 paid at least \$1.1 billion in taxes, or 15% of all Latin American government revenues.



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worst-hurt nation currently is Uruguay. Since 1951 U.S. imports from Uruguay have fallen from \$702 million a year to about \$18 million, mostly because Western sheep raisers in the U.S. got a prohibitive tariff put on Uruguayan wool. Now the Russians, smoothly operating through Dutch importers, have begun buying Uruguay's wool; The Netherlands has become the country's best customer.

Currently worrying half a dozen Latin American countries are proposals before the U.S. Tariff Commission to raise lead and zinc duties, and congressional talk of new tariffs on copper and petroleum.

Help in Sight. Because Soviet-bloc trade with Latin America is still small (\$200 million last year) and the trade offensive is still more promise than deed, Washington is keeping cool—but thinking hard about the future. U.S. officials still argue that direct loans to state oil monopolies would be an invitation for other governments to expropriate U.S.-owned oil companies all over the world. "I am convinced of the advantages of free, competitive enterprise in the oil business," explains a high presidential adviser. "But when my judgment is asked in Washington, I shall say that I believe we could make loans to Brazil and Argentina in such a way as to help them out." The probable way: general loans to governments that would allow them to divert other funds to the state oil companies.

As for tariffs, President Eisenhower last week asked for a five-year extension of the U.S. trade agreements act "with broadened authority to negotiate." In the specific case of lead and zinc tariffs, which within the law like could raise, Washington heard that the White House has quietly shelved its intention to give the U.S. mining industry that kind of relief. But the general level of tariffs is mainly up to Congress, struggling with its conscience and its lobbies.

CUBA

A Game of Casino

Sparing neither velvet draperies, nor soft polish on exotic wood, nor white silk for the crapsshooters' dinner jackets, the new casinos of Havana rate as the hemisphere's most alluring and elegant. Says a dice man in the deep-carpeted gaming room of the Hotel Nacional: "We are getting bigger bets than Las Vegas. All the real big Eastern crapsshooters are coming down here to take a crack at us." And for all the real big Eastern hoods, running Havana gambling looks to be this winter's richest bonanza. Last week Manhattan District Attorney Frank Hogan dropped a suggestion that a yearning to cut himself into Cuban casinos doomed Racketeer Albert Anastasia to his death last October by bullets from masked gunmen in a Manhattan hotel barbershop (TIME, Nov. 4).

Technical Assistance. In the feshpot city of Havana, where gambling has always been one of the more reputable vices, a few casinos were prospering moderately in the early 1950s. Then some U.S. thugs introduced an eight-dice game called razzle-dazzle, so complex that most suck-

ers never even learned the rules before they were fleeced. As resentment over this form of larceny spread among U.S. tourists, President Fulgencio Batista grew worried. In 1955 he decided to look around for U.S. technical assistance. The man who popped up was Meyer Lansky.

The Kefauver Committee Report on Organized Crime paints Russian-born Meyer Lansky, 55, as one of the six top U.S. hoodlums: bootlegging, gambling on both coasts, many a link to Murder, Inc. From Batista Lansky got a dream decree for enterprising crapsshooters willing to invest abroad. The government waived corporate taxes for ten years, canceled customs' duties on imported gaming equipment. Under certain conditions it offered to back casinos in nightclubs or hotels worth more than \$1,000,000. The



INVESTMENT ADVISER LANSKY
That old American know-how.

Minister of Labor, whose brother turned up this year owning a cut of one big new casino, obligingly ruled that roulette stickmen and craps pitmen were "technicians," admissible to Cuba for two years.

A year passed before such palaces as the new Havana Riviera and Capri hotels could be built and before the mob could raise the "nut"—the bankroll behind the chips. But by last month ten Havana casinos were going, most of them profitable from the first roll. Running the Sans Souci casino was a Lansky hood, Santo Trafficante Jr.; at several others Lansky was the boss or named the boss.

Fight for the Hilton. One luxurious casino is still to open, in the 630-room Havana Hilton Hotel, now abuilding, and New York police have documents showing that Racketeer Anastasia wanted to muscle in on Havana gambling. But if Anastasia had a yen to get control of the Havana Hilton casino, Meyer Lansky was equally set on keeping him out. A Lansky agent, Joseph Silesi, turned up among the 13 groups that went to Hilton Hotels International with bids to run the casino.

Last week Hilton Vice President John W. Houser announced that with the help of a former G-man he had tentatively picked a reputable Cuban businessman and two Nevada politicians to run the Hilton casino. Houser added that he had been questioned by District Attorney Hogan and surmised that Hogan believed Anastasia was shot for trying to move in on Cuban territory. Hogan announced that he wanted to question Trafficante and Silesi. From Havana Trafficante pleaded, "I don't know what this is all about." Silesi, also in Havana, was more succinct. Hogan, he said, "can drop dead." Lansky himself dropped out of sight.

GUATEMALA

Voting Showdown

As Guatemala's sizzling presidential election campaign neared the Jan. 19 voting showdown this week, the candidates and the issues were clearly outlined in a glare of publicity, but the outcome was still shrouded in shadowy doubt. Running neck and neck were three top candidates:

GENERAL MIGUEL YDIGORAS FOUNTES, 62, representative of the far right who riotously upset a try by followers of assassinated President Carlos Castillo Armas to put over a feeble successor in a quick and easy election last October. Although Ydigoras' protesting street mobs reflected every hue in the political spectrum, his support comes from big plantation owners, industrialists and conservative Roman Catholics.

COLONEL JOSE LUIS CRUZ SALAZAR, 37, heir of Castillo Armas' middle-of-the-road Nationalist Democratic Movement (M.D.N.). A career army officer sent to Washington as Castillo Armas' ambassador, he is firmly in the U.S. camp. He has the support of the younger officers who carry most weight in the army, a strong point in his favor in case of opposition attempts to short-circuit a Cruz Salazar victory either before or after the fact. His slogan: "Neither left nor right."

MARIO MENDEZ MONTENEGRO, 47, leader of the liberal *Partido Revolucionario* (P.R.) that was outlawed in last October's M.D.N.-sponsored quickie election as too Communist, despite the fact that he once went into exile after plotting against Arbenz. Reinstated by the regime of current Provisional President Guillermo Flores Avendaño, Méndez Montenegro calls Communists "my worst enemies."

For votes, Ydigoras can count heavily on Guatemala City and several middle-sized towns. Cruz Salazar has a slight edge with the well-oiled M.D.N., which controls and can deliver the votes of whole plantations, towns and villages. Méndez Montenegro is strapped for campaign funds, but much of the country's working class is behind him. With three strong candidates splitting the electorate, chances were good that none of them could win more than 30% of the vote, as required by the constitution. In such case, the M.D.N.-dominated Congress must choose between the two front-runners—which could lead to big trouble should Cruz Salazar run third.



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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

The muse hung airy as a blimp over Tokyo's Imperial Palace, where a top event of Japan's literary season, the annual poetry party, went into its lyrical finale. Seated before a huge golden screen, **Emperor Hirohito** and **Empress Nagako** hardened approvingly to verse by 15 finalists chosen from a record 17,238 entrants trying their hand at the formal 31-syllable *waka*. Then they listened solemnly while their own poems were read. The imperial family does not compete in the contest itself, this year featuring the subject of "Clouds." Hirohito's effort, read five times:

*A white cloud like a shash
Hovers over Nasu peak
Soaring beyond the plateau.*

Nagako's *waka*, read thrice, also lost something in translation:

*Changing and rechanging form
The white clouds float
Into the distant blue sky.*

Crown Prince Akihito wrote:

*Trailing numerous white threads
A rolling cloud drifts
In the open sky.*

Next year's subject: "Windows."

For her walkout during an operatic performance in Rome (TIME, Jan. 13), soprano **Maria Meneghini Callas** was set down for the Rome opera season. The ban on Manhattan-born Singer Callas came from the implacable Rome opera authorities, who were heartily seconded by Rome's prefecture. Ostensible reason: the mere sight of Maria onstage again might incite Rome's already outraged opera fans to riot.

Benign and serene on a telenquy program in Chicago, white-maned Conductor **Leopold Stokowski**, who admits to 70, disclosed that baton-waving gives him both uplift and insomnia: "It's a mystery to me, but one receives enormously something back from the music. It makes me feel strong. After a concert I hear the music all night. I can't sleep that night. All night I hear the music, and I hear the bassoons and the oboes and the different instruments." His view of applause for a performance? "What would you suggest as an alternative to applause? Supposing we had no applause? Then what? I can't understand—after one's heard beautiful music, then you make this noise. But I can't find an alternative."

Exhibiting their persistent disregard for perennial protests by Britain's League Against Cruel Sports, **Queen Elizabeth II** and **Queen Mother Elizabeth** journeyed to Westacre, by their presence lent royal sanction to a meet of the West Norfolk Foxhounds. With them, and show-



Associated Press
BRITAIN'S ROYALTY AT FOX HUNT
Family fun.

ing an avid interest in the bill-and-daling of the baying pack, were **Princess Anne**, in corduroy slacks and polo coat, and **Prince Charles**.

Festooned with paper streamers that almost gave the scene an air of capitalist merriment, Poland's billiard-bald Premier **Josef Cyrankiewicz** and his pearl-necklaced Actress-Wife Nina danced without much abandon. Their restrained revelry did little to heat up a state ball on the first night of this year's Warsaw Carnival.

An author more compulsive about his rights than most, **Meyer (Compulsion) Levin**, won a verdict for \$50,000 damages in a Manhattan court on his contention



Associated Press
POLAND'S CYRANKIEWICZ & WIFE
Party lines.

that he was gypped of credit in the production of Broadway's Pulitzer Prize-winning hit, *The Diary of Anne Frank*. Not only was it his original idea to turn the young Nazi victim's journal into a play, claimed Levin, but he had already completed a stage adaptation when a switch of producers and writers left him out in the cold. On the losing end of Playwright Levin's suit: Producer **Kermit Bloomgarden** and Anne's father, Otto Frank, who controlled rights to the book.

Now knocking down about \$33,000 a year, onetime Heavyweight Champion **Joe Louis** happily announced that the U.S. is giving him a break that may eventually lift his private millstone—the \$1,250,000 in federal income tax arrears that Joe still owes from 1946-52 (which includes his last prodigious fighting years). Irresponsible as ever with his money, Joe still tosses around cash, keeps no records, no bank accounts, is behind on his taxes for every year since 1953. The revenuers have agreed to accept \$20,000 a year from Joe as taxes on his current income* and on his recent (since 1953) arrears. Five years hence, if Louis has anted up annually as a solid citizen, the Government may offer him a merciful settlement on the prodigious arrears of his ring days.

When the Civil War was a year old, Kentucky's Warren County grand jury indicted three top soldiers of the Confederacy. Charges: treason and conspiracy. Chief specification: they had invaded border Kentucky and tried to bully her into the Confederate States. The defendants: Major General **John C. Breckinridge**, onetime (1857-61) Vice President of the U.S. (under President Buchanan) and later Confederate War Secretary; Brigadier General **John Hunt Morgan**, the famed cavalry raider who escaped from a Union prison in 1863, was killed next year by a Union soldier when cut off from his forces; Lieut. General **Simon Bolivar Buckner**, who survived the conflict to become governor of Kentucky.† When the war ended, Warren County's records were messed up and nobody could find the indictments. Last November, 95 years after the true bills were handed down, workmen moved an antique filing cabinet from the courthouse in Bowling Green, and the ancient papers popped up. With the indictments at last in hand, a local court last week bestirred itself to formally quash them.

Ever youthful (39 for the past quarter-century) Comedian **Jack Benny** announced with pained resignation that he will turn 40 on the eve of his 64th birthday next month.

* Annual salaries: \$20,000 as a director of the International Boxing Club; \$8,500 as a "good will ambassador" for Mercury Records; \$4,500 for lending his name (as "public relations director") to Chicago's Joe Louis Milk Co.

† And to cite Lieut. General Simon Bolivar Buckner Jr., killed in 1945 on Okinawa.

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SCIENCE

Waves on the Job

After basking during late December in springlike warmth, with lawns still green and rosebushes foolishly budding, the Mississippi Valley and the U.S. East Coast last week got gales and snow and cold waves, and the spell of bad weather swept east as far as Russia. The reason for the turnaround, according to Meteorologist Jerome Namias of the U.S. Weather Bureau: the planetary wind was on holiday during the holidays. Now it is back on its job and trying to make amends.

The planetary wind is the broad river of air that circles around the earth at high altitude in the North Temperate Zone. Its general direction is from west to east, but its flow is usually distorted into great horizontal waves 4,000 miles from side to side. The waves have the important function of mixing cold Arctic air with warm air from near the tropics. If the mixture did not exist, Canada would be much colder than it is and Cuba would be hotter.

Fast Jet. In late December, says Namias, the waves in the planetary wind were feeble and lethargic. The wind blew almost due east across the U.S., and since its energy was not dissipated in zigzag waves, it blew unusually fast; the jet stream, its fast-moving core, was clocked at 170 m.p.h. But the mixing effect of the wind was almost nil. The Arctic kept its cold air and grew colder and colder as its heat radiated into space, while the U.S. stayed warm. The port of Green Bay, Wis., was open for navigation on Dec. 29, the first time since 1877. New England had weather 15° to 18° above normal, and such notorious cold spots as Montana were mild.

This was too good to last, Namias knew. He kept his eyes on the Pacific, and about the end of December he saw what he was looking for: a great wave in the planetary wind. It was moving toward the U.S., and when it arrived it would surely drag down from the north a vast amount of the bitter cold that had been accumulating there. So on Dec. 30 Namias predicted that during January the U.S. east of the Rockies would get extra-cold weather.

Two days later the wave was over the U.S. Cold air from Alaska swept to the Gulf of Mexico and mixed with warm, moist air there. Such mixing always causes meteorological fireworks. During Jan. 2-3, Florida and Cuba had one of the worst winter storms on record, with 70-mile gusts uprooting palm trees and drenching Havana hotels with salt spray. No sooner had the storm got out of the way than another formed over Texas and moved east. Snow fell in Fort Myers, southern Florida for the first time on record. Florida children were released from school to enjoy the unusual sight. Tourists in Miami shivered in expensive, unheated motels and wished they had stayed home.

Extra Push. When the ill winds moved over the Atlantic, they blew a little good. The jet stream high overhead was still

moving unusually fast, and it got an extra push from the two near-hurricanes that had formed when cold air from the north mixed with tropical air. A British weather ship stationed 600 miles west of Ireland reported a 230-mile wind blowing eastward at 34,000 ft. Transatlantic airliners, hooking rides on it, broke record after record. A turboprop Britannia of British Overseas Airways made the first commercial New York-London flight in under eight hours. A few days later an El Al Israel Airlines Britannia rode the jet wind from New York to London in 7 hr. 44 min.

In an I-told-you-so mood, Namias predicts that the rest of January will be on

tain Indian has about two quarts more blood than a sea-level person, and his red blood cells are bigger and more numerous. If he lives at three-miles altitude, the oxygen-carrying substance, as an ordinary person. His heart, which is 20% bigger than normal, pumps an extra-large stream of extra-rich blood, keeping his hands forever warm, as Father Cobo so accurately noted.

Last Grand Journey

One of the most dramatic episodes of man's exploration of his planet is shaping up this week in the hostile white heart of Antarctica. The British Commonwealth land expedition, led by 40-year-old Scientist-Explorer Vivian Ernest Fuchs, is bat-



the violent side. There is still a lot of the cold air in the Arctic that needs to be mixed with southerly warm air, and the planetary wind is flowing in waves that can do the job.

Circulation for Altitude

In the 17th century a Spanish priest, Father Cobo, made an acute observation about the Indians of the high Andes. "The Indians," he wrote, "are red-blooded to an extreme degree, from whence they derive their excessive heat, as borne out by the fact that if in the time of greatest cold one touches their hand, one will always find heat in it, amazingly." In *Natural History*, Anthropologist Marshall T. Newman explains the physiological reasons for the Indians' "excessive heat."

Many of the Andean Indians, says Newman, live so high in the mountains that the air contains only two-thirds or one-half as much oxygen, volume for volume, as it does at sea level. To get enough oxygen for the heavy work they do, the Indians have conspicuous barrel chests and outsized lungs, but they also have subtler adaptations to altitude. The pockets in their lungs (alveoli) have more capillaries so that their blood can capture more oxygen from the thin air. A moun-

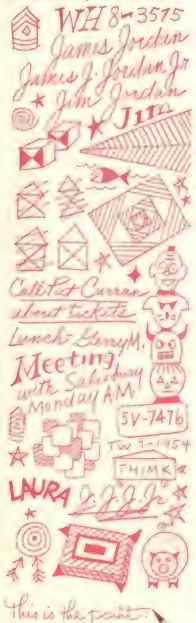
ting toward the air-supplied U.S. base at the South Pole, and will probably get there in a few more days. Geologist Fuchs, lean veteran of 30 years of scientific exploration in Greenland, Africa and Antarctica, has announced that he intends to press on, in spite of the threat of worsening weather, and hopes to reach Scott Station on the Ross Sea about March 9. If he crosses Antarctica from sea to sea, he will have accomplished what the great explorer Ernest Henry Shackleton called the "last grand land journey left to man."

Solemn Warning. If Dr. Fuchs leaves the U.S. base and heads for Scott Station, he will be going against the advice of New Zealand's Sir Edmund Hillary, who dashed to the Pole last fortnight after setting up a line of supply stations for the Fuchs expedition (TIME, Jan. 13). In a message to London that was made public unintentionally, Sir Edmund told Sir John Slessor, Fuchs's superior, that Fuchs should leave his equipment at the Pole and abandon further travel until next season; to do otherwise would risk the lives of all the men. When Sir John refused to interfere, Hillary agreed to help Fuchs in every way on his perilous march from the Pole to the Ross Sea.

The twelve-man Fuchs expedition is do-

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ing much more than here-to-there exploring. It is a well-equipped group of scientists who are making the first careful, detailed study of the interior of Antarctica. Starting from Shackleton Base on the Weddell Sea, south of South America, on Nov. 24, it headed for South Ice, an advance base 250 miles inland that was established by Fuchs during the Antarctic spring (Oct.-Nov.). This is fearfully difficult country, with two high, parallel mountain ranges, the Theron Range and the Shackleton Range, looming blackly above the snow. The ice between them is torn into great crevasses. Sometimes vertical ice cliffs rise like stone walls, and level plains turn out to be bogs of deep, soft snow.

With his train of Weasels and Sno-Cats (special snow vehicles with spiked tracks), Fuchs had heavy going. The weather was warm for Antarctica, and the snow-bridges over the crevasses were weaker than when he pioneered the route to South Ice. Nine times his vehicles broke through the roofs of vast caves in the ice and had to be hauled out. Once a Sno-Cat was brought to the surface by the ice beneath it long sections of aluminum bridging to form an incline up which it could be drawn. Other troubles were heavy snowfalls and many "white-outs," the Antarctic light condition that distorts vision with a curtain of glare.

Rigid Program. But nothing has been permitted to interfere with the expedition's rigid program of scientific observations. Teams of scientists leaping each other, spurring ahead of the column to set up their instruments, and spurting to catch up when they are left behind. Every ten miles they take cores of snow and ice, sometimes 200 ft. deep. Such cores are like petrified weather: they have layers and particles in them that tell the history of Antarctic centuries ago.

Every 15 miles another team measures the strength of gravitation, which gives clues about the earth's crust deep under the ice. Every 30 miles seismologists bore a hole in the ice and explode a charge of dynamite. Waves from the explosion travel to the bottom of the ice and into the rock beneath it. At each boundary between ice and rock or between layers of different rock, some of the waves are reflected up to the surface, and when they are recorded by the proper instruments they tell the scientists what they have found under the mile-thick ice.

When all the painfully gathered data are digested and assembled, they will give a cross section of the Antarctic Continent, which is believed to be a great saucer of rock with a center near the Pole pressed down by the weight of ice that it carries. The thickness of the icecap will tell how much water is locked up in it, and how high the oceans stood during geological ages when the earth's Poles were ice-free. Perhaps the precious data brought back by the Fuchs expedition will explain the seams of coal in Antarctic mountains. Coal is the remains of lush vegetation, and nothing except a few hardy lichens and mosses grows in Antarc-



SCIENTIST-EXPLORER FUCHS
The last man froze to death.

tica now. One theory is that Antarctica had a tropical climate many millions of years ago. Another is that the earth's thin rocky crust shifted around its plastic core like the loose skin of a puppy, marching a fertile continent with all its plants and animals to frozen death at the Pole.

Sastrugi. Doggedly sticking to its scientific schedule, but far behind its timetable, the Fuchs expedition crawled up the domed icecap from South Ice. It painfully threaded through a line of nunataks (mountain peaks almost submerged in ice), and reached ice with fewer crevasses on the high plateau behind. Here were great fields of *sastrugi*—wind-formed ridges of hard-packed snow sometimes 4 ft. high. The Sno-Cats crossed them all right, but with dangerous pitching and crashing. Progress slowed to a crawl; the weather grew worse; but the scientists kept to their schedule as if they were making their observations in the south of England in June.

When the expedition reaches the U.S. polar base, Fuchs will have to review his decision to brave the 1,200 miles to the Ross Sea. The nearest supply cache left by Hillary is 500 miles away, and toward the end of the short Antarctic summer the weather will be too bad for reliable air transportation. If his hard-punished Sno-Cats break down or run out of fuel, the howling blizzards that blow in February may make it impossible to rescue his men by air.

As Fuchs nears his final decision, every man at the polar base, both American and British, will be thinking of Fuchs's countryman, Captain Robert Scott, who got to the Pole in 1912. He started back toward the Ross Sea—the same terrible journey Fuchs will have to make, and at the same terrible season—and was frozen to death with the last of his five-man party, in a nine-day blizzard.



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THE THEATER

Two by Two

Off-Broadway offered double bills by two talked-about playwrights:

Garden District comprises two Tennessee Williams plays laid in New Orleans. *Something Unspoken*, dealing with an uppity society woman and her secretary-companion, is a warm-up piece that leaves the spectator cold. *Suddenly Last Summer* is a vivid display of Williams' unique virtues and persisting excesses. A kind of psychological suspense piece, it works backward from the knowledge of a self-luxuriating "poet's" death to the nature of it. His rich, ruthless mother had long shared her son's dubious traveled life, but when she had a slight stroke, he took a young girl cousin on his final, fatal trip. The cousin's appalling story of his death has caused the mother to have the girl put in a mental institution; now she is using her money as a club on relatives and doctor alike. Instead, the skeptical doctor (Robert Lansing) gives the girl an injection of a truth drug and out of her pours a story ending with the poet's hideous, obscenely cannibalistic fate.

A narrative that after a deft slow start keeps gathering fascination, *Suddenly Last Summer* is further proof that Williams at his best is unsurpassed in the American theater at weaving dark spells, and unequalled at writing long, full-breathed dramatic arias—first the mother's (well done by Hortense Alden), then the girl's (done brilliantly by Anne Meacham).

Unhappily, Williams' story dies with his telling it, for though he weaves a spell he cannot validate a vision. It matters less that noisomely misanthropic symbols keep recurring in his work than that they nowhere seem purgative. With Swiftian ferocity he reveals a Swiftian tormentedness; and as with Swift, however much he retches, he cannot disgorge. More culpably, Williams' gift for theatricalism makes the how of *Suddenly Last Summer* devour the why, turns the horrifying means into an end in itself.

With *The Chairs* and *The Lesson*, Rumanian-French Eugene Ionesco, whose work has been about equally hailed for its meaning and booied for lack of any, had his first professional Manhattan hearing. In *The Chairs*, dubbed "a tragic farce" an aged couple who live in a sort of wave-washed fortress give a party for a horde of guests who are only so many chairs. After the old man (Eli Wallach) has delivered a "message" about the world, he and his wife throw themselves into the water. Swimming in symbolism, *The Chairs* readily enough suggests people's enlisted fate in life's estranging sea, their efforts to flesh their daydreams, enforce their beliefs, communicate, be remembered. Providing playfully humorous



LANSING & MEACHAM
Final fling.

touches and some remarkable stage effects. *The Chairs* is at times both engaging and lightly exorcistic, but calls for greater imaginative pressure, has no really tragic underside to its surface drolleries.

In *The Lesson*, a mad professor harangues and finally kills an odd, 17-year-old student (played as winningly by Joan Plowright as she plays the 94-year-old wife in *The Chairs*). The play perhaps symbolizes how pedantry destroys individuality, but like so much anti-academic satire, runs to academic jokes. Ionesco's seems an agreeable but thin talent, with a kind of philosophic-puppet show appeal.



WALLACH & PLOWRIGHT
First hearing.

© Playwright Williams, who is undergoing analysis, recently said that *Suddenly* is "a final fling at violence."

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SPORT

The Konrads Kids

In Australia, where limber-limbed youngsters have a habit of cracking world records, swimming fans had guessed that some day a 15-year-old Latvian immigrant named Jon Konrads would be a champion. But no one knew much about his kid sister, 13-year-old Ilsa, except that she had never won a major race.

Last week when Jon entered the prestigious state championships at North Sydney, few noticed his leggy kid sister tagging along. Then Ilsa made a splash of her own. Swimming in the 440-yd. freestyle, she finished second by only .6 sec. to Australia's great Lorraine Crapp, holder of two Olympic Gold Medals, four world records. This was enough to make square-faced, broad-grinning Ilsa the darling of the galleries.

And a darling she proved to be. Two days later, before the 880-yd. swim, Ilsa stoked up on steak, digested some Spartan advice from Family Coach Don Talbot ("Treat the second 440 as a new race, and go for your life"), and set out for glory with deep, slow strokes and a gentle-seeming six-beat kick. While fans in the stands whooped and whistled, she flashed through the second 440 in 5:12.2, sprinted the last 55-yd. lap in 35.7 and touched out in 10:17.7. The astounding announcement: Ilsa had knocked 16.9 sec. off Lorraine's world record for the 880, en route had clipped 13.2 sec. off her world record for the 800 meters.

While Australia was still blinking at Ilsa's tremendous race, brother Jon got up on the starting block for the men's 880-yd. freestyle, gazed calmly at his opponents (who included three Olympic swimmers), and hit the water as if fired from the starting pistol. Flat out, he thrashed home in 9:17.7, 1.5 sec. faster than the old world record held by the U.S.'s George Breen, who set the mark when he was 21. Konrads' furious freestyling also smashed

Breen's world record for the 800 meters.

Great as it was, Jon's feat did not come up to Ilsa's for impact on the swimming world. Barrel-chested Jon had been a reserve on the mighty Australian Olympic team, so his time was not altogether a surprise. But Ilsa had never raced the 880 before she set the record. In fact, for a while it had seemed that she would never become a first-rate swimmer. Dogged by colds and flu, she tried hard but won no state titles in 1956. Last year she was troubled by swollen knees, spent twelve weeks with both legs encased in splints.

This season, a healthy Ilsa began a furious training regimen, got up at 5 a.m. every weekday, bicycled two miles from her home in Bankstown to a pool to swim up to 3½ miles. After school she swam another two miles. So much time in the pool's chlorinated water gave her blond hair a mermaidish green tint.

Jon and Ilsa Konrads, the children of a Latvian dental mechanic who emigrated to Australia in 1949, may already be the finest freestylers in the world—a fact to make swimming experts boggle at what the pair might do in the next few years, as they grow to adult swimmers' estate. Said Coach Talbot: "We're only in second gear. Just wait till we get into high."

The Country Slickers

Down on the West Virginia bench, Coach Fred Schaus crunched a program in his country-ham-sized hands and grimly watched his lanky, burr-headed Mountaineers put the ball in play. Around him, Philadelphia's Palestra was rocking with astonished delight. With a 75-10-72 lead, the local boys from Villanova were just 30 seconds away from upsetting undefeated West Virginia, the nation's first-ranked team.

Smoothly, the well-drilled West Virginians whipped the ball back and forth until baby-faced Sophomore Jerry West broke free, twisted through the air and sank a layup that made the score 75 to 74. Then Schaus's mountain boys got a whopping break. A mix-up between officials gave them the ball under the Villanova hoop. Instantly, a pass flicked in to Star Center Lloyd Sharrar, who arched his 6 ft. 10 in. off the floor and took aim. Two seconds before the gun, his winning shot dropped in. The hustling Mountaineers had overtaken a 14-point lead in ten frantic minutes. Final score: West Virginia 76, Villanova 75.

"We weren't quite ready to hardnose with them so early," said Schaus after last week's squeeze. "But in the second half, the boys found they'd have to do it. And they did." When the hardnosed Mountaineers landed back in Morgantown at 1 in the morning, they got a reception fit for World Series winners.

Stay Home & Known. With such home-state support, Fred Schaus (rhymes with spouse) has built the most successful team in college basketball out of a band of boys from West Virginia and



Russell C. Hamilton
WEST VIRGINIA COACH SCHAUS
Home-grown kangaroos.

neighboring Pennsylvania. In other years, Schaus's boys from back home too often panicked at the first tweak of big-time pressure; last year, for example, West Virginia collapsed in the first round of the N.C.A.A. tournament. But this year the Mountaineers went at it with slick skill, won the high-pressure Kentucky Invitational tournament by snapping the winning streak (at 37) of North Carolina, last year's national champions.

Fred Schaus knows all about hard, high-pressure basketball: he used to play it himself. As a teen-ager, he was good enough to make the wartime Great Lakes Naval Training Station team, later played so well for West Virginia that the professional Fort Wayne Pistons turned him after his junior year. Schaus topped pro, managed to get his B.S. (major: physical education) before going off to play with the Pistons for four years, three as captain. In 1954, when West Virginia Basketball Coach Robert N. ("Red") Brown moved up to athletic director, Schaus was his logical successor.

Schaus soon found that the West Virginia hills grow a hardy breed of human kangaroos on high school basketball courts, now sets out night after night over the winding West Virginia roads in his 1957 Chevrolet to search for talent at high school games. Ohio-born Coach Schaus uses a recruiting argument that seems to work: he went out of his state to play ball, he explains, and now is almost a stranger back home. The moral: stay home and stay known.

By cultivating his backyard (with an occasional foray into Pennsylvania), Schaus has created an anomaly in big-time college basketball: a home-grown



Associated Press
ILSA & JON KONRADS
Green-haired mermaid,



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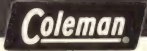


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team. North Carolina combs the New York subway circuit for its players, and Kansas stretched out to Philadelphia for Wilt ("The Silt") Chamberlain. But Schaus finds his stars in towns like East Bank (pop. 1,500) and Shinnston (pop. 2,793). As a result, the state rightly looks on the team as its own, not a high-priced import, follows its games with chauvinistic zeal.

"Conditioned Reflex." At 32, Schaus is a boyish, genial giant (6 ft. 4 in., 220 lbs.) who still can mix it up with his team in practice, still share his team's private jokes. But he is also a solid tactician who builds his offense around a whirling fast break led by Forward Bob Smith. Smith insists on a dogged, man-to-man defense.

"Our practice is designed so the basic plays and patterns become mechanical. I try to develop a conditioned reflex in the boys so they won't have to take even a split second to think in a given situation. They'll just react automatically." With such a system, Schaus has turned out an extraordinarily well-balanced team, *etc.*, all five starters regularly score in the double figures. The balance was neatly illustrated at week's end when Coach Schaus's boys had such an easy time drubbing George Washington University, 93-66 (for their 12th straight) that G.W. Coach Bill Reinhart marveled: "They have everything a great team needs."

Oscar on the Loose

The boys at Madison Square Garden waited to be shown, for sophomore basketball flashes too often became fumbling schoolboys on their first trip to Manhattan's big time. When he loped out on the Garden's floor last week, the University of Cincinnati's Oscar ("Big O") Robertson needed a big night to show the skeptics he could play in the big league.

Robertson showed them the biggest night, pro or amateur, in the history of defense basketball. Floating through the defense of Seton Hall, the lithe, 6-ft.-43-in. Negro from Indianapolis did everything right. He drove for layups, hooked from the foul line, jump-shot with either hand. He picked off rebounds, intercepted passes, set up teammates. When the Big O was done, Cincinnati had drubbed Seton Hall, 113-54, and the new boy in town had 36 points, a Garden record.

Long before game's end, the specialists in the press box were wondering whether Robertson did not look better in his New York debut than such greats as La Salle's Tom Gola, De Paul's George Mikan or even Kansas' Wilt Chamberlain. Robertson's points lifted his game average to 32.1, second in the nation only to Chamberlain's 32.2, led Coach George Smith to muse: "You know, this is the first time we ever let this guy loose." On the loose again two nights later as his team smashed North Texas State, 127-57, Robertson scored 35 points, squeaked past Chamberlain with a game average of 32.3. The New Yorkers were convinced. Said St. John's Coach Joe Lapchick: "This is the greatest sophomore I've seen."

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Count 'em yourself—three sailors in front, four in back, and two extras along for the rifle. Total: nine smart sailors in a smart new DeSoto! DeSoto dealers present Groucho Marx in "You Bet Your Life" on NBC Television.

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nutritious, economical and convenient

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OLD
**KENTUCKY
TAVERN**

Timed to Perfection
7 Full Years

TELEVISION & RADIO

Urgent

At one stroke, TV last week dramatically reflected the nation's urgent concern for its defense and its own urgent way of getting people to do things. On NBC's *Today* at 8:45 o'clock one morning, Dave Garroway waved a thick copy of the Rockefeller Brothers Fund report on U.S. defense (*TIME*, Jan. 13). During an interview with Nelson Rockefeller, he quoted



DAVE GARROWAY AMID MAIL

By the bag.

some of it, urged viewers to read the 89-page report themselves, and offered to send out free copies from the Fund's "limited" supply. At week's end a *Today* camera showed Garroway waist-deep in letters and postcards. He was swamped with more than 200,000 requests for the report. The Rockefeller Fund, which had allotted only 10,000 to meet whatever requests Garroway might drum up, rushed into print to keep up with the still-growing TV demand.

Call to Sacrifice

U.S. radio and TV networks have fought boldly for the right to editorialize—and timidly let it go virtually unused. Last week, for the second time in network history, CBS exercised its right. In an editorial prepared by the network's little-known editorial board—headed by Chairman William S. Paley and President Frank Stanton—Washington Newsmen Howard K. Smith charged that Americans are "overcomplacent, overaddicted to comfort, and indifferent to good government." He urged changes in the Pentagon to eliminate interservice chauvinism, called for readiness to negotiate for disarmament,

warned: "We must be prepared to make sacrifices, to pay higher taxes, to face controls if necessary to achieve our goals."

Punches. The editorial, which the network had sent out in advance to about 160 affiliates, came as the climax of *Where We Stand*, a special 90-minute report comparing U.S. and Soviet strength. The show was the idea of President Stanton, and its content took added weight from his role as one of the shapers of the open-secret Gaither Report. To strike the "complete balance sheet" that Stanton ordered, the network news staff labored for three months over documents, interviews and film.

The result was impressive. On-screen popped perhaps too many models of globes and satellites, a blinding mélange of maps, diagrams and statistics that have already been hammered out by the press. But there were thrilling shots of an Atlas test failure, of the Titan ("the most sophisticated long-range missile") resting ominously on its pad. And CBS gave viewers the kind of peek inside bustling missile plants that newspapers do not provide. In matter-of-fact interviews, U.S. scientists and generals pulled no punches. Warned Air Force Missileman General Bernard Schriever: "It's safe to say the Russians have IRBMs now in operational units. We do not."

Intangibles. As accumulated by CBS, the balance sheet seemed to show that in the material things and the means of making them the U.S. still leads the Soviet Union; in actual strength it may be lagging, and in the crucial intangibles of intent and will power it may already be dangerously behind.

Although viewers learned that civil defense is virtually nonexistent in Russia, the U.S. lag came into dramatic focus when a woman in Morris Plains, N.J. was asked what she would do in a nuclear attack. Said she: "Put all the food out on the porch"—"The last place," noted Smith. "To put food when there's danger of radiation." And Chief Reporter Alex Kendrick indicted in pictures the nation's educational deficiencies when he visited Alhambra (Calif.) High School and found students taking a snap course called "coed-cooking." Asked Kendrick of one coed-cook, a boy who hoped to become an engineer: "How are you going to apply this to a career as a scientist?" Said the would-be American technician of the Space Age: "Say in three years or so. I will be out on my own and I will want to cook something on my own. I mean, I will know how to cook it. I mean. I will know all the measurements and that kind of stuff."

Review

Armstrong Circle Theater: When the Brooklyn Museum started clearing out its west wing storeroom a year and a half ago, Dr. John Cooney, curator of Egyptian art, decided that a 1,600-year-old mummy of undistinguished pedigree had

to go. First he suggested burning it, but a museum technician objected, as a Roman Catholic, to destroying a human body. Next Dr. Cooney tried to bury the mummy, and found that he could get no city burial permit. Then he tried to ship it out of town to a small museum, only to be turned down by Railway Express for lack of the physician's death certificate that would have qualified him for the burial permit. When Dr. Cooney made known his quandary, he had no trouble hitting Page One. Last week, overcutly swathed as *The Complex Mummy Complex*, Dr. Cooney's story got into TV as the *Armstrong Theater's* first comic dramatization-from-life. Stretched far too thin in an hourlong script, the joke was not nearly so funny as it must have seemed on paper or in real life. But it did make the 1,600-year-old hero the most popular mummy in Brooklyn. As callers swarmed on him, Dr. Cooney explained: "We still can't get rid of it. We've had requests for it from all over the world, and it would take a Solomon to make a decision. Also, as a matter of fact, I'm getting rather fond of it." But when a colleague suggested that the museum display it in a show next fall, Dr. Cooney, keeping his standards high, retorted: "Over my dead body."

Studio One in Hollywood: In CBS Television City's cavernous Studio 41, a

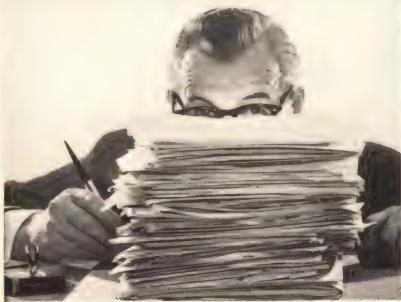


BETTY FURNESS & CONRAD NAGEL
In a sack.

camera on a high crane zoomed from a great distance upon a spotlighted Betty Furness, making her Hollywood debut as a Westinghouse saleslady after a TV career spanning *Studio One's* nine years in Manhattan and 308 dresses of her own. Aglow in a white linen sack with appliquéd taffeta flowers, Betty brightened one commercial with Guest Star Conrad Nagel, who told how a washer-dryer combination had lightened his load at Mali-

* The first: CBS's 1954 plea for TV's right of access to public hearings.

Does paperwork stand in your way?



you'll clear it up faster if you "talk it"
on a Dictabelt record



If you don't now use a dictating machine, you should. You'll save money—and gain time to get more important work done.

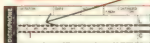
And when you think of installing dictating machines, think of this: the Dictaphone TIME-MASTER is the easiest, quickest, and most economical dictating machine made.

You accomplish more work with less effort the Dictaphone way. The exclusive Dictabelt record is the main reason why. Here are just 3 of the Dictabelt's many advantages:

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Your secretary knows at a glance just how long the letter, memo, or report is—and just where your corrections are.

Dictation can not be erased accidentally.



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bu Beach. "With as many as ten guests in the house," said Nagel, "you can imagine how many sheets and pillowcases we had, not to mention towels." *Studio One's* commercials were so colossal ("We used every single bit of the whole studio," said Betty) that they had to be taped in advance so there would be room to do the rest of the show live. "Isn't that funny," exclaimed Betty, "after they move us out here because the facilities are so much better?" Unfortunately, Betty's commercials kept being interrupted by long stretches of something called *Brotherhood of the Bell*, a pretentious melodrama about a conspiratorial fraternity in 1976, which posed a question for the producers: Was it really worth making Betty pack those ten boxes of clothes and 18 pieces of luggage and leave her roomy apartment on Manhattan's smart East Side?

Space Scoop

"I could see the curvature of the earth below, stretching away to the south, featureless, the way a map looks. There was no sound except a faint whistling of the air outside the cabin. It was real detached up there. I can tell you. You sort of wondered if you still had any contact with the earth."

The speaker was no TV space cadet,* but a real-life space pioneer. Test Pilot William Bridgeman, 41, describing how it felt to whiz 15 miles above the earth at nearly twice the speed of sound (*TIME*, July 25, 1952). He was the star of *Flight Toward the Stars*, the first half-hour in a 13-show series called *Doctors in Space* and devoted to the problems of conquering space. The new show, the timeliest series of the season, came not from Madison Avenue but from the University of Houston's enterprising educational TV station KUHT. It opened last week in Chicago, Boston, San Francisco and Pittsburgh as well as Houston.

The first show, abundantly illustrated with film clips and diagrams, gave viewers the A B Cs of rocket travel. In the rest, Houston Physics Professor John Rider and Dr. Hubertus Strughold, the father of space medicine, will explore the subject with such experts as Major General Bernard Schriever, the Air Force missiles chief, Captain Iven Kincheloe, who has flown higher than any other man (24 miles up in a Bell X-2), and Kraft Ehrlicke, Convair rocket designer who helped develop the Atlas missile.

Eighteen months in production with the help of the Air Force's School of Aviation Medicine, the series will be seen on all of the 28 U.S. educational stations. In the spring, it should be available for noncommercial use on regular stations. Made for only \$3,000 each (provided by the Educational TV and Radio Center at Ann Arbor, Mich.), the films will add up to TV's most complete survey of manned space flight—and a major scoop for educational over commercial TV.

* For news of a fictional man in a missile, see PRESS.

Picture-window view and "safety-cushioned," too!



**Laminated "safety-cushion" glass absorbs shock
... reduces the hazard of flying glass**



ROLLS WITH THE PUNCH. Tough plastic interlayer "gives" when hit. It's the "safety-cushion" in laminated glass.



EVEN WHEN STRUCK, laminated safety glass is engineered to hold together—to help protect you from flying fragments.



LOOK FOR THE "safety-cushion" line along the edge of the glass in your car windows. It's the sign of laminated construction.

Those inviting picture windows in your next car will give you not only full vision, but added protection from road hazards—if they are made of laminated glass. This laminated glass has an interlayer of plastic that acts as a "safety cushion." The glass resists shattering even if struck by flying stones... helps protect you from the danger of flying fragments.

All manufactured in the United States have laminated safety glass in

their windshields. And you can have this same protection in the side windows of your car, too.

Look for the "safety-cushion" line along the window edges. It's the sign of laminated construction.

The Du Pont does not manufacture laminated safety glass. It is a supplier of the "safety cushion" used as the interlayer in the construction of this glass. The Du Pont trademark for this polyvinyl butyral plastic is BUTACITE.

*Watch the "Du Pont Show of the Month"
Ninety minutes of the best in live television—
CBS Network.*



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pay
claims
within
8
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after
proof
of loss***



"My auto accident proved the 8-hour story," says R. W. Puhl, Houston, Texas. "Eight hours after proof of loss, I had my check from American Hardware Mutual."

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*Except in those states where specific waiting periods are required by law.

THE PRESS

Jitters in the Press

The urge to get the news first works like sandpaper on the nerve ends of the press. The tendency of big news to be had news conditions the newsman to look for the clouds behind the silver handout. The two characteristics often produce a healthy combination of alertness and skepticism. But there are times when the nerve ends rub raw to the point of jitters, and the newsman's skeptical eye overlooks the good news for the bad, and for the big headlines the bad brings.

Russia's Sputniks have produced one of those times, as was evidenced last week by an attack of jumpiness-to-conclusions that hit two U.S. wire services, and by a statesman's post-mortem on Western reporting of last month's NATO conference.

Space Fiction by A.P.

"In the final moments of the flight," hurred a story in the New York Post, "the space passenger lost all sense of up and down." So, it seemed, had the Post as well as hundreds of other free-world newspapers that blasted off last week with an Associated Press report that Russia had shot a manned missile into space. For, despite such hedged headlines as the New York Daily News's REDS SAY ROCKET MAN ROSE 186 MI., it was palpably clear from the start that (1) the Reds had said no such thing, and (2) the coming of the Sputnik has infected even seasoned editors with the urge to hitch headlines to almost any misguided missile.

Competitive Flight. Last week's space junket took off on a typewriter at 7:52 p.m. Monday in Paris, where Agence France-Presse, on a telephoned tip from its Moscow Bureau Chief Constantin Zarnekau, flashed: "For the first time, a man has been put aboard a Soviet rocket, it is believed in Western circles." Forty-one minutes later, after communicating with Moscow Bureau Chief Henry Shapiro, United Press put on the wire a wary note to editors stating that there were "rumors" in Moscow of a manned rocket but "no official confirmation." Reuters also sidled up to the story with its kid gloves on.

Then, about an hour and a half after the A.F.P. flash, the Associated Press, biggest news agency of them all, filed a Moscow-dated bulletin (which was actually written in London): "The Soviet Union has launched an experimental rocket 300 kilometers into the atmosphere with a human aboard, reliable sources said here tonight." So began a competitive stratosphere flight that outdid all competitors in irresponsibility.

As deadlines neared for U.S. morning papers, A.P. aimed even higher, wider and wilder. Said its night lead, still without any confirmation: "Soviet Russia has shot a man-carrying rocket 186 miles into the air and the man parachuted safely back to earth, reliable sources said tonight." The A.P. noted in the third paragraph that there had been "no official announcement

'MAN SHOT INTO SPACE'

Continued from Page One

Reds Test Human-Occupied Rocket

Continued from Page One

**Reds Send Man
186 Miles High
In Rocket Ship**

Continued from Page One

REPORT RED RIDES ROCKET

Continued from Page One

**Man Parachutes Out
Of 186-Mile Rocket,
Soviet Sources Report**

Continued from Page One

REDS FIRE MAN INTO SPACE

Continued from Page One

MISGUIDED MISSILE HEADLINES
And the beep leaped over the moon.

whatever," but added: "The official silence—in view of the rumors sweeping Moscow—led to some speculation that . . . the manned rocket experiment may not have been a total success."

Astronaut. By next day, editors around the world had showered Moscow correspondents with their own rockets (correspondents' term for inquiries about competitors' stories). *France-Soir* and London's *Daily Mail* both ran Page One drawings of the complete astronaut in space suit, breathing gear and seat belt. Said one query: "Like interview and first-person impressions." Demanded another: "Competition says it's woman, not man. Confirm."

Unable to confirm anything, the A.P. allowed early Tuesday that there were still "no hints as to the mystery traveler's identity"—but volunteered no hints as to the identity of its mysterious news informants. Turning to such tried-and-true sources as Estes Kefauver and the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory's Fred Whipple (who, said A.P., "expressed no surprise"), the A.P.—in common with big-city newspapers—kept the astronaut aloft with scientific and political punditry.

Aged on the Grapevine. But the A.P.'s rocket was already burning up. After a phone conversation with its Moscow Bureau Chief William Jorden, the punctilious New York Times warned that "the rumors be treated with the greatest caution." From Washington, the U.P. filed a detailed story on the State Department's wholly logical explanation for the space-man stories: they had apparently been inspired by an Orson Wellesian rocket op-

* Where the headlines gave rise to the quip: "Nervous-as-a-midwit in Moscow."



TOMORROW'S ARENA: concrete bowl with transparent cover

"This all-weather arena will meet almost any needs, can be made large enough to accommodate from 10,000 to 200,000 spectators. The design principles call for a minimum of structural materials, costly excavation and foundation work, since the prestressed concrete bowl is bound together into a unified structure by the steel cables that also support

the transparent plastic roof. Land requirements, too, are held to a minimum. The problem of parking space is taken care of by the spacious multideck parking ramps that are an integral part of the underside of the bowl. This simple, practical arena design is made possible by the versatility of concrete."

LEV ZETLIN, Consulting Engineer

■ When such concrete structures of tomorrow are built, Universal Atlas will supply, as now, a major share of the essential building material—cement.



UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY, 100 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y. — MEMBER OF THE INDUSTRIAL FAMILY THAT SERVES THE NATION — UNITED STATES STEEL

TIME, JANUARY 20, 1958

"I get a
de Luxe
Sleeper Seat
with
4 feet of
leg room...
that's why
I fly
Monarch"



Only all de Luxe
service, every
night, overnight
New York to
London

fly B.O.A.C.
World leader in air travel

Reservations: from your travel agent, or British Overseas Airways Corporation, 550 Fifth Ave., New York... also offices in Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Detroit, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Washington, Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver and Winnipeg.

era broadcast Sunday by Radio Moscow.

Next day, in an intercontinental missive to editors, the A.P. said its two Moscow staffers (Bureau Chief Harold K. Milks and Roy Essoyan) heard the rumors well before the Wellesian broadcast and let them age 48 hours before breaking the story. Their "reliable" sources: "An Eastern European correspondent, then another, and then a Western correspondent who reported hearing it from a third East European correspondent," and finally "a Western embassy." If the world's biggest wire-service had any misgivings about decanting such grapevine, it was not until the three-day-old story had collapsed that the A.P. betrayed them, and finally made an admission that was rare, grudging—and little-played in A.P. papers: "The Associated Press erred Monday."

Space Fiction by U. P.

Three days after the Associated Press's manned missile landed in oblivion, the United Press staged its own excursion into the wild blue yonder. Panted a U.P. bulletin from Helsinki: "The state radio here picked up signals early today which indicate Russia may have launched a moon rocket." European radio stations, said U.P., had picked up a "mysterious beep-beep" which lasted three times as long as the signal from an orbiting Sputnik and "suggested the Doppler effect* that would be produced by a transmitter speeding away from the earth."

The space-singed A.P. waited 42 minutes, then filed a carefully sublimar story reporting that a ham operator near Columbus, Ohio, had now picked up the beep. "He suggested," said the A.P., "that it might be a signal from some kind of space vehicle." In A.P.'s second story British Broadcasting Corp. engineers pronounced that the signal was probably earthbound. The A.P. finally traced the beep to the "electronic groan" of an idling Russian teleprinter on the megacycle band used by the Sputniks. (The teleprinter was on 20.025 mc.; the Sputnik frequency is 20.005 mc.)

The rocket-to-the-moon got a big early-morning play on radio newscasts, but its short life began after U.S. morning newspapers had gone to press, ended before afternoon papers started rolling. More than seven hours after its first moon-rocketer bulletin, the U.P. mentioned the teleprinter theory among others, concluded later: "It was anybody's guess." Said a British engineer quoted by the A.P.: "We get strange noises constantly. A noise might be a hair dryer in Cornwall."

Masochism

While the free world's press is quick to trumpet Soviet triumphs and even quicker to imagine them, it can also be faulted by its critics for failure to grasp the real achievements of the West. One

*According to the scientific principle named for Austrian Physicist Christian Johann Doppler (1803-1842), the speed of an object moving toward or away from the observer can be accurately measured by changes in the length of the radio waves it transmits.

If You Want To STOP SMOKING Airline Pilot Tells How!



Roger Don Rae is a senior pilot for TWA. He says: "Bantron allowed me to stop smoking without noticing it. Today I am free of the habit. I tell all my friends who want to stop smoking—try Bantron!"

Here at last is a safe, new product, developed at a great American University, that has helped thousands stop smoking. In a series of clinical tests, published in a leading Medical Journal*, scientists reported that 4 out of 5 men and women who wanted to quit smoking stopped within 5 days when they took Bantron.

And the Bantron way is so easy and pleasant! Just take 3 Bantron tablets a day, after meals, for four days. Then only 2 a day until all desire to smoke leaves you. 80% are "Free" in 5 to 10 days.

Taken as directed Bantron is perfectly safe. It acts as a substitute for the nicotine in your system which gives you a craving for tobacco. Now at drug stores without prescription. Price \$1.25.

*Copies available to doctors on request.

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Smoking Deterring Tablets
A Campana Product

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17 cents a share, net long term capital gains, in shares or, at the option of the holder, in cash, payable February 18, 1958 to shareholders of record December 31, 1957.

ROBERT W. LADD,
Secretary

200 Berkeley Street, Boston





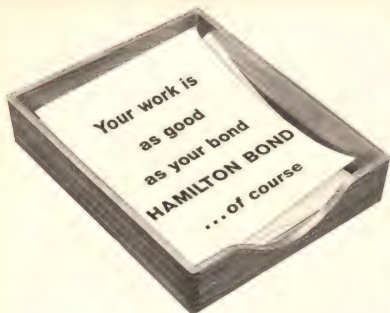
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CORRESPONDENT SULZBERGER
No news like bad news.

such critic is the New York Times's Paris-based correspondent, Cyrus L. Sulzberger, who wrote last week that NATO conference delegates "came away encouraged" by the decisions reached in Paris, but that the "impression spread about the world was one of gloom."

To back up his argument, Newsman Sulzberger excerpted a letter to onetime NATO Commander in Chief Alfred Gruenther in which Belgium's NATO Ambassador André de Staercke chided the Western press for its "masochistic" tendency to see "just the weak points of our position." This attitude, said Veteran Diplomat de Staercke, is compounded by "lack of analysis, by sheer ignorance, by that kind of facility which makes bad news easier to believe than good news, or pessimism more secure than optimism."

No Flowers, Please

Less than two years after the U.S. Treasury's unsuccessful attempt to shutter Manhattan's Communist *Daily Worker* (TIME, April 9, 1956), the Communist Party succeeded in doing so this week. The tabloid (circ. 5,574) died despite feverish rescue attempts by Editor in Chief (and a party secretary) John W. Gates, 44, who was cut off from party funds in a long-drawn-out squabble (TIME, Jan. 13) with the dominant Stalinist faction led by Party Chief William Z. Foster. As the *Daily Worker* went, so went Editor Gates's party card. After 27 years in the service of a foreign tyranny, Gates quit, declared that the U.S. Communist Party is finished, "an impotent political sect."

Cracked the New York *Daily News* in a black-bordered obituary announcement: "Instead of flowers, donations may be sent to any subversive organization on the Attorney General's list." The *Daily Worker*'s only Manhattan survivor: the twelve-page weekly *Worker*, which still has the party's support.

cham' pi·on: *the fighter whose record is written on aviation's most honored trophies*

Again the aviation world salutes the FSU-1 *Crusader*. The Collier Trophy, one of America's highest tributes, has been awarded to the Navy and to Chance Vought for 1957's most significant aviation achievement: development of this record-smashing jet fighter.

The *Crusader's* first triumph was the 1,015 mph national speed record that won the coveted Thompson Trophy. Next came history's first cross-continent, ocean-to-ocean, carrier-to-carrier flight. Following that flight, a *Crusader* streaked across the nation in "Operation

Bullet." This 203-minute flight set an official world's record and marked the first supersonic crossing of the U. S.

The blazing performance that has taken aviation's top honors brings unmatched air combat strength to the U. S. Navy. The Vought *Crusader* is now aboard Fleet carriers... strengthening America's power for peace.

CHANCE  **VOUGHT AIRCRAFT**
INCORPORATED DALLAS, TEXAS





Here's Chevrolet's Series 36 light-duty Apache pickup

**Here to stay !
Here to save !**

**with New Hustle !
New Muscle ! New Style !**

Stamina and stick-to-itiveness have long been a special stock in trade of Chevrolet trucks. And these broad-shouldered new Task-Force 58 models have even more of it! They'll keep on rolling a long time after lesser trucks have

CHEVROLET TASK.



That brawny blue stake is a Series 60 medium-duty Viking

called it a day. You can put 'em on the job and forget your worries about breakdowns and high operating costs . . . these handsome huskies are packing more built-in muscle, more hustle in both V8's and 6's. Yes, sir, as sure

as trucks deliver maple syrup in Vermont—the right truck for *any* job is a Chevrolet truck! Your Chevrolet dealer has the details; see him and start saving right away! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich.

FORCE 58 TRUCKS



Weldwood Walnut Paneling—antiqued—on walls, cabinets, and bookcases adds distinctive spirit to this office.

A wood-paneled office speaks worlds about your business

Especially in business, first impressions *do* count. And for a wonderful first impression that will last, nothing does so much for an office as luxurious real wood paneling—guaranteed for life by Weldwood.

Here are three ways Weldwood affords the warmth and beauty of wood-paneled interiors for your office—interiors that grow more beautiful through the years, with only an occasional waxing.

Weldwood Paneling—over 70 types and finishes of choice woods in big panels that make installation quick and easy.

Weldwood Flexwood—real wood veneers, backed with cloth, that can be hung on any smooth surface—curved or straight.

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MUSIC

Post-Bopper

On the bandstand, Trumpeter Miles Davis resembles a man who wandered in off the street for a nightcap and decided to stick around for a few licks on a borrowed horn. He will noodle his way through a solo, turn to chat with another player, stroll to a nearby table for a drag on a cigarette. But the relaxed air is deceptive. Davis pays scrupulous attention to the group and individual sounds of his combo, often lies awake nights rehearsing new arrangements in his head.

Back in 1948, when everybody was trying to blow like Diz, Davis' nine-man pickup band was trimming Gillespie's blast-furnace sound to a clean, low Bunsen flame. The eight sides the group cut in 1949 did as much as anything else to usher in small-group "chamber" jazz. They also stuck Trumpeter Davis with an adjective he distrusts—"cool." Last week, uncool as ever, Davis was at Manhattan's Birdland, spinning out the alternately jagged and limber melodic lines that have marked him as the leader of the post-bop generation of blowers.

Fast & Light. Davis, 31, arrived at his stripped, understated style by way of bop. Growing up in East St. Louis, Ill., he learned the trumpet from a local instructor who had played with Bobby Hackett and Hal Baker. "Play without any vibrato," he used to tell us. "You're gonna get old anyway and start shaking." That's how I tried to play—fast and light and no vibrato. For a time, when he was in his teens, Miles tried to play like Harry James ("I like to break out all my front teeth"). Then Billy Eckstine's band came through St. Louis, and Miles met Charlie Parker and Gillespie, sat in with them occasionally. He put in a stint at Manhattan's Juilliard School of Music, broke



TRUMPETER DAVIS
Uncool.



INBAL DANCERS
Uncramped.

Maria Avitah

into the professional big time as trumpeter with Parker's band. He was one of the trumpet powers of bop when he organized his own nine-man combo in 1948 and started experimenting with fresh sounds, aided by Baritone Saxophonist Gerry Mulligan and Arranger Gil Evans. "That sound we got," he says, "came originally from Ellington. Gil loved Duke so much some of it rubbed off."

With a brass section augmented by a French horn and tuba, Davis & Co. (including such rising soloists as Trombonist Kai Winding, Alto Saxophonist Lee Konitz, Pianist John Lewis) worked out a series of subtle, low-toned arrangements—*Budo*, *Jeru*, *Rouge*—that helped turn many young instrumentalists from bop.

Old & New. At Birdland last week, Davis would shove his muted horn into the mike for a sparsely ornamented, loosely swinging commentary on *All of You*, or sigh out a breathy, blues-flavored, open-horn version of Thelonius Monk's "Round Midnight," or whip through Charlie Parker's *Air-Len-Cha* with the dry, stuttering sound that inspired one observer to compare him to a man walking on eggshells. He is at his best in such a ballad as *My Ship*, which moves him to serene, spare lyrical flights.

Although he rarely composes any more, Trumpeter Davis recently sketched some music for a French movie entitled *Lift to the Gallows* ("about a man who has committed the perfect crime—until he got stuck in an elevator"). In Europe he is perhaps the most widely imitated modern U.S. jazzman. No matter how closely young musicians may listen to him, Davis hates to take a backward look at his work. "You always see how you would have done it different," he says. "If you play good for eight bars, it's enough—for yourself."

Dancers of Israel

*The rulers ceased in Israel, they ceased,
Until that thou didst arise, Deborah,
That thou didst arise a mother in Israel.*

—Judges 5

On the darkened stage of a Manhattan theater, the ancient and moving story unfolded in stately dance and song: Deborah described how she led her nation to victory over Sisera, king of Canaan; praised Barak, the victorious general; sang of the heroism of Jael, wife of Hener the Kenite, who killed Sisera when he went to her tent. Then the bearded men and the dark, long-haired women ranged across the stage in a ritualistic dance of victory, chanting their praise of the Lord: "Then shall the people of the Lord go down to the gates."

The startling vitality that coursed through last week's performance sprang from a living tradition: the performers were Yemenites, direct descendants of Jews who fled to southwestern Arabia in the first century B.C. Organized into an Israeli dance troupe that calls itself Inbal (the tongue of a bell), they were in the U.S. for a three-months' tour. Inbal's repertory includes eight major dance works drawn from the fabric of Yemenite and Israeli life—the shepherds before their campfires, wedded happiness (*Shabbat Shalom*), the seven-day Yemenite marriage ceremonies. The bearded male dancers bounded across the stage in exuberant leaps, snapped their bodies into harsh angularities of rage or exaggerated comic pantomime. The women in striped Yemenite-mocks moved in sinuous arabesques. Mixed into the dances were chanted Hebrew or Arabic texts, the oriental-flavored sounds of flute, cymbal and drum.

Inbal and its repertory are the creation of a remarkable Deborah-like woman

VIEWPOINT: ADVERTISING

Research: Creative Tool

There's a fair-haired new corporate vice president up at McCann-Erickson, gilt-edged advertising agency doing some \$250 million a year. Like the agency's famed president, Marion Harper, young (42), vital Donald B. Armstrong Jr. is a research-minded man. What's more, he is the type who makes the new link between psyche and pocketbook sound like the induction it is, rather than the seduction it's sometimes quacked up to be.



ARMSTRONG

"Knowledge revealed; not persuasion hidden."

"The creative person is still the soul of advertising," says Armstrong. "Research is a tool that gives the creative person greater scope and accuracy, and thus sharpens his efficiency as a distributive force in today's economy."

Age of Measurement

"From now on, the distributive burden rests more and more on advertisers and media," he says. "Within ten years, for example, our gross national product is expected to increase by 40%, with only a 9% increase in the labor force. The most important improvement will have to be in the efficiency of our communications."

"Because of research, we can know exactly what goods and services to produce, and how to get the most out of our advertising and media to distribute them more profitably. We are living, not in an 'age of manipulation,' but a vigorous, dynamic 'age of measurement.'"

No Ghostly Society

"Let's not underrate the intelligence of the American consumer," warns Armstrong. "It's fun to read about a ghostly group of manipulators. But persuasiveness by appealing to emotion goes back before Aristotle. Revealed knowledge usually tends to minimize immorality. Our research techniques, when applied to our freely competitive marketing society, can be a force for a more profitable, dynamic economy and a more fulfilled nation."

Published as a service to the advertising industry and the
consuming public by **McCall's**
The magazine of Togetherness

named Sara Levi-Tanai. Herself the daughter of emigrant Yemenite parents, she had no formal training in the drama or dance, picked up all she knows by staging school pageants as a kindergarten teacher, mostly in Tel Aviv. When the Jewish population of Yemen was flown to Israel in 1949, Teacher Levi-Tanai recruited 19 young people who had never danced professionally before, started constructing dances out of bits and scraps of native ritual.

One of Teacher Levi-Tanai's biggest problems: overcoming religious objections of Yemenite Jews to performing in public—most of the dances had been confined to the home or the synagogue. This gave them a cramped style. "The Yemenite Jew never danced in the open, so his movements are sharp as if they have no room.

But we must dance like Israelis, a free people. I say: 'Now we are in Israel, so we must be bold and strong.'"

Inbal was a success in Israel from the start. Workers in isolated settlements saw in the dances a reflection of the life they knew; city audiences, though made up of migrants from a dozen Western countries, sensed the touch of tradition. "I feel that it must be like the old Temple before it was destroyed," says Sara Levi-Tanai. "Like the days when the Temple had feasting and dancing."

U.S. audiences, regardless of their background, are likely to be similarly moved by the dancers from Yemen. Like the ancient Greek drama, the ritual pageantry of Inbal speaks in a basic tongue that everybody can understand.

MILESTONES

Born. To the Rev. Billy Graham and Ruth Bell Graham of Montreat, N.C. a son, their second, and fifth child; in Asheville, N.C. Name: Nelson Edman.

Married. Sammy Davis Jr., 32, high-strung, Harlem-born actor-singer-dancer (*Mr. Wonderful*); and Singer Loray White, 23; he for the first time, she for the second; in Las Vegas, Nev.

Divorced. By Faye Emerson, 40, blonde actress of stage, screen and TV (*I've Got a Secret*); her third husband (others: William Wallace Crawford Jr., Elliott Roosevelt), Bandleader Lyle ("Skitch") Henderson, 39; after seven years of marriage, no children; in Mexico City.

Died. Elmer Francis ("Trigger") Burke, 40, scrawny gangland executioner, suspected of at least seven murders, convicted (Dec. 16, 1955) of one (his boyhood friend, Longshoreman Edward Walsh, in a 1952 barroom quarrel); by electrocution; in Sing Sing prison. Born in Manhattan's squalid Hell's Kitchen. Killer Burke served his first stretch in 1941 (for breaking and entering), soldiered with the U.S. Army Rangers in the Normandy invasion, afterwards settled down as a dock-front gunman, kept on a \$300-per-month retainer by New York gangster brass. In 1954 Burke was hired to machine gun Joseph ("Specs") O'Keefe, stoolie suspect in Boston's Brink's holdup case, flubbed the job as wounded O'Keefe lived to tell all (*TIME*, Jan. 23, 1956), but made a daring escape from Boston's Charles Street Jail, hid out at Folly Beach, S.C. until in 1955 the law closed in.

Died. John Thoburn Williamson, 50, Canadian-born geologist, owner of the world's richest diamond mine (in Tanganyika), whose fortune was estimated at nearly \$100 million; of cancer of the throat; in Mwanui, Tanganyika. Bachelor Williamson began diamond prospecting in South Africa in 1935, five years later struck a pipe eight times larger than South Africa's famed Kimberley Mine. Re-

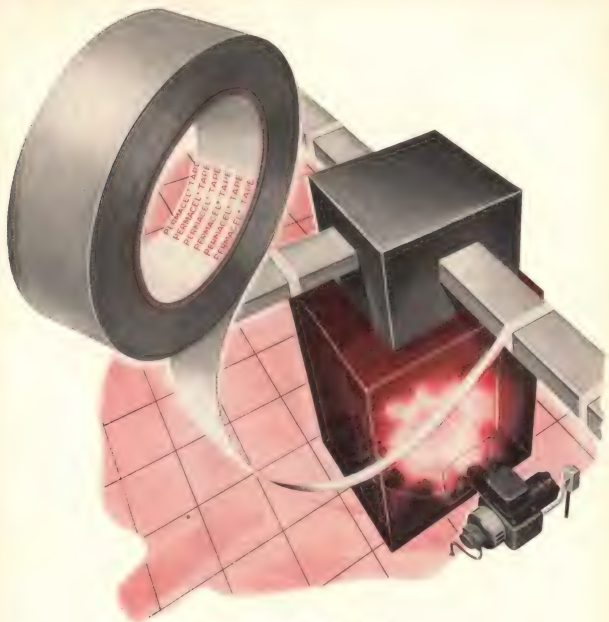
fusing to sell out to the De Beers cartel, Williamson nevertheless marketed his diamonds (average yearly output: \$8,000,000 worth) through the syndicate, gave generously to African charities.

Died. Rudolf Viktor Heberlein, 57, automation-minded board chairman of his family-owned Swiss textile plant, chairman of Swissair's board of directors, who arranged for transportation of 1,353 U.N. troops to Egypt during the November 1956 crisis without disrupting regular schedules; of a heart attack; in Wattwil, Switzerland.

Died. Frank Henry Willard, 64, Chicago *Tribune*-New York News Syndicate cartoonist, creator of derby-hatted urchin Kyo, somnolent Lord Plushbottom and other cronies of banjo-eyed *Moon Mullins* in the long-running (since 1924) comic strip; of a stroke; in Los Angeles.

Died. Margaret Anglin, 81, sad-eyed, Junoesque tragedienne, one of the greats of the American stage; in Toronto. Born in the Canadian House of Parliament (where her father, as Speaker of the House of Commons, had quarters). Actress Anglin began in a bit part on Broadway, achieved fame overnight in 1898 as Roxane in Richard Mansfield's production of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, made her greatest popular success (in 1906) in William Vaughn Moody's *The Great Divide*.

Died. Dr. Willis Rodney Whitney, 89, cheerful, kindly industrial scientist, founder and longtime (1900-32) director of General Electric's Research Laboratory; of a heart attack; in Schenectady. Drafted by G.E. from M.I.T. (where he developed the now accepted electrochemical theory of corrosion). Researcher Whitney set up the country's first industrial-research lab in a Schenectady barn, spurred on an alert crew of scientists (including William D. Coolidge, Irving Langmuir) to develop the modern electric-light bulb and turn out a wide assortment of major electronic discoveries.



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MEDICINE

Surgeon in Court

When surgeons disagree about an operation, or when hospital authorities accuse a surgeon of unprofessional practice, the public ordinarily hears nothing of it. The medical profession has a code of silence that covers nearly all such cases. But last week Pontiac, Mich. (pop. 80,000) was treated to a hair-raising public airing of charges and countercharges exchanged between Pontiac General Hospital and a surgeon recently suspended from its staff. The case badly shook the town's confidence in its appointed healers, and it gave the rest of the U.S. something to think about.

Center of the storm was a 42-year-old Arkansan, Dr. Neil Holland Sullenberger, 1939 graduate of the University of Arkansas School of Medicine, who began to specialize in surgery as soon as he finished his Army stint. He won certification by the American Board of Surgery, and recognition as a skilled and sometimes daring operator. But Dr. Sullenberger had a knack for not getting along with people. In 1950 he was asked to leave the University of Michigan Hospital in Ann Arbor after an assault-and-battery charge against him (the verdict: not guilty). That same year he was asked to leave St. Joseph Mercy Hospital in Pontiac "for conduct unbecoming a physician."

Lost: One Sponge. Surgeon Sullenberger took his patients to Pontiac General, stayed for four years, helped to run a training program for younger surgeons. After a Michigan conviction for speeding (more than 100 m.p.h.) he went South, held four hospital appointments from Mississippi to Texas, none for more than five months. Then Dr. Sullenberger returned to Pontiac General, where he was put back on the staff after signing an undated resignation. Within 16 months the hospital's new director, Carl Flath, picked up the resignation. Dr. Sullenberger sued for reinstatement. Then Director Flath loosed his blast. In an answer filed in court, he charged that Surgeon Sullenberger:

❶ Paid no attention to an assistant's warning that a sponge seemed to be missing while he was removing a tumor from a 30-year-old woman. The patient was readmitted with an internal abscess, and died; autopsy indicated that death was caused by the sponge.

❷ Performed "unnecessary and dangerous surgery" (removal of both adrenal glands) on a weakened cancer victim of 67, "resulting in her death."

❸ Operated on a man of 59 for cancer, but detected none. Seeing a severely diseased kidney, he removed this "in an unusual way." Gangrene set in, "the probable result of plaintiff's improper surgical procedure," and the patient died.

❹ Operated for hernia on a girl of three months, although "there was no indication of need for surgery."

❺ Began to fall asleep during surgery, so that a resident had to be summoned from home to finish the operation.

❻ Was involved in 25 incidents (in all) of unprofessional practice, in six of which the patient died. And in several (including appendectomies) there was no evidence that surgery was necessary.

The Best Lose Most. In his court reply last week, Dr. Sullenberger denied all the hospital's charges, insisting that he had not had a short sponge count in the first case cited, that the adrenal-gland operation was proper in such a case, that when he began to fall asleep he had been operating for 48 hours straight. Frankly stating his opposition to the hospital-surgical staff's rigid seniority system, he blamed his dif-



Joe Clark

PONTIAC'S DR. SULLENBERGER
From surgery, disturbing news.

ficulties on the "old guard," claimed to have lost only six patients in about 400 operations in 16 months. Dr. Sullenberger noted (and other doctors concede) that more experienced surgeons may lose more patients than their juniors because they generally take the tougher cases.

Barred even from Pontiac Osteopathic Hospital because of the bad publicity, Dr. Sullenberger last week found himself a surgeon with no place to operate.

Cancer in the Air?

Every day, chemists synthesize new compounds or find more efficient ways of mass-producing old ones; every week, technologists put a few of them to use in industry or manufacture. A few of them, at least, are carcinogens (i.e., can cause cancer). The result, says Dr. Ivor Cornman in *Cancer Research*, is that the U.S. is "submerged in carcinogens, few of which we can recognize." Biologist Cornman, of the Hazleton Laboratories in Falls Church, Va., is not exercised about coal-tar derivatives used in dye-making, some oil products, chromate and uranium ore dusts; their hazards are recognized and it is up to industry (with a

prod from government) to see that they are used safely. Neither is he alarmed by chemicals added to food; these are being tested for safety (though in many cases belatedly).

What Biologist Cornman wants to see is a concerted research effort to study everything in man's environment, on the chance that it would solve the riddle of many types of cancer for which the cause is still unknown. The project would resemble the mass screening, currently underway, of all substances now on chemists' shelves, in the hope of finding cures for cancer. A major difficulty: the job is so huge that it would keep hundreds of laboratories working full blast. With the chemists churning out so many new products, Dr. Cornman concedes: "We will have to run fast just to keep up."

The War on Anopheles

"We now have it within our power to eradicate from the face of the earth that age-old scourge of mankind: malaria." So said President Eisenhower last week in his State of the Union speech (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS). By latest estimates, two-fifths of the world's 2.6 billion people are subject to the disease: each year 200 million suffer from malaria, and 2,000,000 to 2,500,000 die of it. In the 60 years since the discovery that the disease is transmitted by mosquitoes of the genus *Anopheles*, men of medicine have had periodic fevers of hope about wiping out malaria—with the old drug quinine, with new drugs such as quinaquine, or with mosquito-killing DDT. But malaria proved to be an unexpectedly formidable foe.

The tiny, disease-causing parasite, conveyed from mosquito to men and back again, has such an incredibly complicated life cycle that no one drug can kill its various forms, lodged in hideouts in different parts of the body. Area spraying (from airplanes or trucks) is expensive, inefficient and may be self-defeating: some of the *Anopheles* develop resistance to DDT, thereafter thrive in its presence.

The Pause That Destroys. Fortunately, the female *Anopheles* (only the female sucks blood, transmits malaria) is a shy creature of habit. Except in a few areas, she does no hunting outdoors, seeks her victims in their homes. She slips unobtrusively into a hut, rests a while on a wall, buzzes down to gorge herself on a drop of blood (often, in the process, infecting her victim with the parasites in her saliva), then rests on a wall before heading out. In a dwelling whose walls have been sprayed with DDT, these pauses are her undoing. As long as six months after a spraying, there is enough DDT left to kill her soon after contact.

It is on this detail of mosquito behavior that the World Health Organization and other international bodies, plus 60 governments, are now basing a \$500 million blitz campaign to wipe malaria off the world's disease map within ten years.

From House to House. The shift in goals—from mere "malaria control" to complete and quick eradication—was dictated partly by the success of early campaigns in Sardinia, Italy, Greece and Chile,

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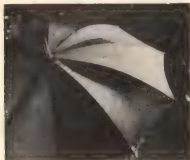
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partly by the danger that unless the attack is promptly pushed, the DDT-resistant strains of *Anopheles* may get out of hand. Abandoning area spraying, the malaria fighters are tackling the huge job of spraying every dwelling in malarial regions. Walls are saturated with DDT as fast as possible; scheduled are at least three more annual sprayings. This way, doctors believe, the cycle of mosquito-man-mosquito renewal can be broken.

The *Anopheles* should be prevented from starting any new infections, and old ones will eventually burn out because the parasites lose their reproductive powers after two or three years. In areas where the mosquitoes are resistant to DDT, another insecticide, dieldrin, will be used. Where the mosquitoes bite in the open, preventive drugs will be used in addition to spraying. Example: the entire table-salt supply for the Amazon Valley is now being laced with chloroquine to build up the inhabitants' resistance.

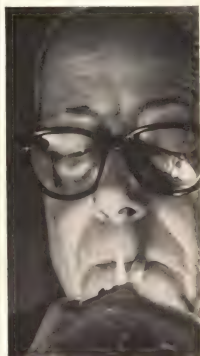
From Thailand to Trinidad, public health workers are counting houses and sending out squads (usually four men), each of which can spray about 10,000 houses a year with guns the size of a large fire extinguisher. In Mexico, 3,500,000 houses have been sprayed. The program is well along in Central America, coastal Ecuador and Peru, Formosa, Swaziland and Ceylon. It is finished in northern Venezuela, several Caribbean islands and parts of Argentina. Soon to feel the fine spray of DDT are Turkey, Iraq, Iran, Afghanistan, Burma, the Philippines.

International bodies pay one-fifth of the costs, the U.S. another fifth through economic-aid programs, and the participating governments put up the remaining three-fifths. How cheap it is for all concerned is shown by India, the world's greatest malaria reservoir. Farm workers used to lose 170 million man-days a year, and many areas suffered semistarvation because of the ravages of the disease. The direct death toll was a million a year, and dirt-poor villagers paid an average of 10 rupees each for nostrums. Already, with partial control programs, India has cut malaria cases from 75 million to 20 million, the death toll to 200,000 a year—at a cost of less than half a rupee a head. As for the U.S., which has had no home-grown malaria for three years, the \$100 million investment is still a bargain: the nation pays a "hidden tax" of an estimated \$350 million a year on imports whose costs are boosted by the low productivity of malaria-ridden workers.

Needle in the Tongue

When the patient is unconscious or anesthetized and a doctor wants to give a quick-acting injection in a hurry, he often has trouble (especially in the very young and very fat) in finding a vein. The answer, said British Anesthetist John Bullough in last week's *Lancet*, is to make the injection into the tongue. A few drugs cannot be administered in this way because they cause irritation, but most give no trouble and are absorbed in about a minute.

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ART

NIGHT VIEW OF STUART CO.'S NEW \$3,000,000 PHARMACEUTICAL PLANT IN PASADENA
Factories can be beautiful.

Palace for Pills

At 6 a.m. one day last week, after a night of tossing and turning, California Industrialist Arthur Hanisch, 63, gave up his vain effort to sleep. "You'd better go back to bed, Arthur," said his wife. "Santa Claus isn't here yet." Hanisch was, indeed, like a boy waiting to see a new toy. Twenty-nine months ago he set out to build a dream palace for his small (140 employees), 17-year-old pharmaceutical business, the Stuart Co. He hired Manhattan Architect Edward D. Stone after seeing a picture of Stone's highly praised design for the New Delhi embassy (*TIME*, Sept. 10, 1956), and then announced that he would not so much as look at the building until it was completed. He decided that an architect is "like a surgeon—when you agree to let him operate on you, you just trust him, that's all."

The First Look. Hanisch kept his word, though he admitted he had passed by the plant late one night after a bridge party and "damned near knocked off three cars looking the other way." Now it was opening day. With Architect Stone. Owner Hanisch rode up to his brand-new, three-acre, \$3,000,000 combined office and plant in Pasadena. He saw a dazzling, 400-ft.-long, low, white-and-gold facade, faced with an airy grille of masonry, half given over to a carport spaced by hanging saucer-gardens. Black-bottomed reflecting pools reached under the cantilevered grille-wall to give the building a hovering effect. Five evenly spaced jet fountains splashed aerated water in the sun. The whole structure was set back a deep 150 ft. from the boulevard, and magnificently set off by San Francisco Landscapist Tommy Church with lawns, ferns, clusters of palms. "Oh, my, Ed," mumbled Hanisch, "that's something. It's fantastic. It's... it's outta this world."

Taking the keys from easygoing, Arkansas-born Ed Stone, Hanisch made his way inside to an even bigger surprise. Instead of the confined central shaft that he had seen in the early plans, he found himself looking out over a spacious patio or Roman atrium, a sort of immense Pompeian inner court, to be used as a dining area, with three huge, gold-colored saucers overflowing with vines and ferns suspended at varying heights, and with mother-of-pearl light globes,

which seemed to float, for illumination. It was a sight fit for a maharajah's eyes; said Industrialist Hanisch: "Tears started in my eyes when I saw it."

"We Can Change the World." Then Hanisch had a question: "Can this place also make pills?" Striding through the well-lighted, air-conditioned plant, with its white walls and precisely placed blue machines (white and blue are Stuart Co.'s colors), he found a more than satisfactory answer. With an elliptical swimming pool and 30,000 sq. ft. of gold-roofed, pagoda-like recreation shelter in the form of a hyperbolic paraboloid to be finished in two months. Pillmaker Hanisch has a building that combines beauty, efficiency, and the atmosphere of a country club.

To Arthur Hanisch, who started his vitamin-pill business in 1941 with a capital outlay of only \$2,500 and last year grossed \$8,000,000, there was one word for the plant: "Beautiful!" Architect Ed Stone added: "If we can persuade industrialists and business men that they can have buildings and factories that do not sacrifice the least bit of usefulness and yet can be esthetically pleasing, why, we can change the shape of the world."



OWNER HANISCH & ARCHITECT STONE
Efficiency can be esthetic.

THE SCIENCE OF SEURAT

AN aura of epic (and of late, cinematic) drama hovers over the struggles, achievements and major breakthroughs of such 19th century greats as Van Gogh, Gauguin, Toulouse-Lautrec and Cézanne, on whose vision modern art largely rests. Less known but of no less importance was Georges Seurat, born in 1859, who made it his goal to weld science and art into a technique of dot, dab and stitch strokes that would not only challenge the glowing canvases of the impressionists but be a compendium of what was known in his day of optics, color and psychology.

At last coming up for reappraisal, the works of Seurat are about to have their first major museum showing, opening this week at the Chicago Art Institute and moving in March to Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art. To stage the show, the Chicago Institute, which owns Seurat's key masterpiece, *A Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte* (now valued at more than \$1,000,000), drew on 86 collections in the U.S. and abroad, brought together a total of 150 sketches and paintings. Of the seven major works that Seurat painted in his brief lifetime, four (from London, France, The Netherlands and Chicago) are present at the show. One indication of their value: both the director of The Netherlands' Rijksmuseum Kröller-Müller and the curator of France's Louvre insisted on accompanying their Seurat loans to the U.S.

Dots in the Eye. Even to his contemporaries, who did not know until after Seurat's death that the dark, aloof painter had taken one of his models as mistress and fathered a son, the pointillist was a distant, mysterious yet compelling figure. Born the son of a well-to-do but highly eccentric Paris bairrier (who astonished dinner guests by screwing knives and forks into his artificial arm to do the carving), young Seurat got only passing marks from his drawing teacher. On his own, he delved into weighty scientific treatises. Haunting the Louvre's galleries, he tried to analyze the color alchemy of the old masters. What Seurat was working toward was a system that would break



HARBOR AT GRANDCAMP, done in 1885, is classic example of Seurat's pointillism, which uses thousands of color dabs to create image.

BY: A MFL DAVID ROCKEFELLER

BRIDGE AT COURBEVOIE near Paris was painted in 1886 by Seurat, who considered his method scientific extension of impressionism.

COURTESY MOMI HEDGE FRANKLIN



THREE NUDE STUDIES were made in preparation for large-scale canvas, *Les Poseuses*, which was Seurat's answer to critics who said he could not draw figures with his color dots.

THE LOUVRE



STANDING MODEL, central figure in finished oil, was shock to critics who saw Seurat's nudes in academic poses as so many "rachitic skeletons smeared with all the colors of the rainbow."



MODEL FROM BACK is study of human figure that emphasizes technical values. Seurat's overall concern with surface of canvas has since become major modern art precept.



down color into its components; then he set these down in minute dots so that the result, seen from a distance, would fuse in the retina of the viewer's eye, rather than be muddled on the painter's palette.

Seurat went about his mission with a thoroughness that Louvre Curator Germain Bazin compares only to Leonardo da Vinci's own scientific preparations. To ready his first painted manifesto, *La Grande Jatte*, Seurat went daily for six months to the island to sketch and make quick color studies, worked for months in his studio making life studies of the 40 figures he intended to place in his finished canvas. Only after two arduous years did Seurat, then 26, finish the work—thousands of minute dots of paint, some three layers in depth, on a canvas measuring nearly 7 ft. by 10 ft.

Shown at the eighth (and last) exhibition of the impressionists in 1886, *Jatte* immediately became a landmark in art, evoking catcalls from the critics and attracting younger painters. Van Gogh tried pointillism but found it too exacting; Gauguin, too, gave it a try, finally decided it was fit only for "little green chemists who pile up tiny dots." The grand old man of impressionism, Camille Pissarro, doffed his cap to a new master and for five years struggled to learn the technique. Only the young disciple Paul Signac managed to make the system work with anything like Seurat's magic. Pointillism demanded the combination of cool, scientific detachment and the sensitivity to color, order and design with which Seurat was uniquely endowed. "They see poetry in what I have done," said Seurat. "No, I apply my method and that is all there is to it."

Theories in the Nude. Between major works, Seurat relaxed each year by going to the seacoasts of Brittany and Normandy "to wash the studio light from my eyes" and "transcribe most exactly the vivid outdoor clarity in all its nuances." The results, as in *Harbor at Grandcamp* (over page), remain among the most glowing seascapes ever painted. On the Seine near Paris, Seurat again put his theories to the test; in *Bridge at Courbevoie* he demonstrated his theory that a painting done in descending lines, cooler colors and deeper tones would produce a tangible note of sadness.

Seurat methodically moved on to paint large, carefully prepared salon showpieces that applied his painting theories to the female nude (*opposite*), to bright, artificially lighted dance halls and circuses, and then to portraiture. Then, after only a two-day illness, Seurat died of a meningitis-like disease on March 29, 1891, at 31.

Returning from Seurat's funeral, Camille Pissarro seemed to foresee the immense appeal a scientific rationale was to have for 20th century artists, from the cubists to the Bauhaus to the surrealists. He wrote to his own son: "I believe you are right, pointillism is finished; but I think it will give rise to effects which later will have great artistic significance. Seurat really brought something."

Shock in West Virginia

Though their state ranks only No. 41 in the amount it spends on each pupil, West Virginians have long balked at putting any more money into their schools. Last week, in his "state of the state" message to the legislature, Governor Cecil Underwood finally made a proposal he never dared make before—a bill to give education an additional \$15 million a year in state funds. Reason for his sudden boldness: the shock felt throughout the state by the revelations of a 476-page document called the Feaster Report.

The result of an 18-month survey led by Dean Eston K. Feaster of West Virginia



DEAN FEASTER

From bad students to worse teachers.

University's College of Education, the report gave West Virginia (pop. 1,000,000) little cause for pride. Even taking into consideration the shocking fact that the state's pupils rank five points below the national average in IQ, youngsters still do not begin to accomplish all they could. In scholastic achievement, ninth-graders are nearly two years behind the national norm. Third-graders lag by half a year, sixth-graders by a year and a quarter, twelfth-graders by nine-tenths of a year.

Easy Does It. While the schools score above average in the number of basic courses they offer, these courses are getting fewer and fewer takers. General enrollment has risen 26% since 1945, but with the exception of first-year algebra (up 11%) and solid geometry (up 28%), the number of pupils in all other mathematics and science courses has slumped. Physics is down 10%, chemistry 17%. Other academic subjects have also suffered, enrollment in social studies, which include one required year of U.S. history, has dropped 9%; first, second and third-

year Latin are down an average 20%; fourth-year Latin is not offered at all.

What sort of courses have the greatest appeal? Typing is up 19%, shorthand 73%, and something called Office Practice a huge 139%. Orchestra—i.e., serious instrumental music—is down 27%, but Band is up 138%. The fastest growing course of all: Driver Education, which now has seven times as many pupils as it did ten years ago.

How to Be Bored. As if the figures were not bad enough, the Feaster Report has some bitter words to say about pupil and teacher attitudes. "Regardless of the types of schools the pupils have come up through, however much interest in learning a very significant proportion (36%) of them had in grades six and eight is completely, or almost completely, gone by the twelfth grade . . . When more than three out of every four seniors in four large high schools call schooling exasperating and tedious, the situation is too serious to be laughed off."

The state of mind of the teachers is even worse. While the pupils at least took part of the blame for their apathy, "only one teacher even insinuated that the faculty might not always be blameless. The most alarming symptom was [the teachers'] fatalistic attitude toward pupil deficiencies and derelictions. The charge most frequently lodged against pupils for not studying, for instance, was 'they don't know how to study.' The tone of the accusation and of the teachers' elaboration on it was one of resignation to fate, of washing their hands of responsibility . . . Until teachers become imbued with the attitude that pupil deficiencies in minimum essentials are the unfinished business of every teacher, the situation in West Virginia will grow progressively worse."

Canadians Find a Way

What can be done about Joyce? In almost any other North American city except Calgary, Alta. (pop. 200,000), the question might never have been answered. Tenth Grader Joyce, 16, has an IQ of 130. But she failed three subjects last year, and her teachers loaded her report cards with such comments as "No effort, boy friends, more interested in personal appearance than school work." Counseling and conferences did not help; Joyce was an incorrigible shirker. Her school's answer to her case: it simply threw her out.

In Calgary, the Joyses of the classroom are known as "homesteaders"—able Canadian students who refuse to work. By 1954 they had become so numerous that mild-mannered Superintendent Robert Warren decided that something drastic would have to be done. He consulted his school board, finally put through the now famous Calgary Plan. In 1955 only ten shirkers were dropped. But as the plan became more firmly established, the number rose to 22 in 1956 and 34 in 1957.

The plan places an extra burden on the teachers. They must make absolutely sure

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FENCE

that the laggard student has no emotional or mental block that every effort is made to save him, and that he has the right of appeal. But for all that, the plan works. Of those expelled, more than half have returned, and most are doing well. Joyce, for instance, has so far this year earned one H (the highest mark given), two As, three Bs. Moreover, says Superintendent Warren, "achievement scores on twelfth grade examinations have gone up. It has become respectable in Calgary to be a serious student."

Last year nearby Medicine Hat (pop. 27,000) adopted the plan. Of ten students who got "laggard policy letters," five left school, but the rest began working so hard that they earned a special commendation. Last month Sault Sainte Marie, Ont., announced that it, too, would follow the plan, and last week down in North Attleboro, Mass., letters went out to parents spelling out a new policy by which "intellectual loafers and bench warmers" are being dropped. At a time of rising costs and the growing teacher shortage, the plan has its appeal. Says Calgary's Superintendent Warren, "In 1955 Calgary spent \$344.29 on each high school pupil. The public cannot afford to provide such service to pupils who take an indifferent attitude toward their responsibilities."

The Painter

Promptly at 8 o'clock every morning since Dec. 20, the painter and his helper showed up at the Harrison Elementary School in Washington, D.C. Without a word to anyone they went to work on the outside of the building. No one knew the men's names, and when one staff member remarked that he had no idea that the school was up for a painting, the painter airily replied, "Oh, you know how the Government is." He worked even on Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve, and each night he vanished as mysteriously as he had come, taking his brushes and buckets with him.

Last week, with the school covered in a fresh coat of buff paint, the painter hung up a sign saying, "Decorating by George T. Smith, 1309 Clifton St., N.W.," and left for good. But who was George Smith? And who had sent him? The supervisor of repairs, who had once noted that the painter was violating safety regulations by standing on a ladder (rather than a window jack), did not know; nor did the principal or any of the teachers. Finally, the *Washington Post* decided to find out.

Smith, it turned out, is a worrier. One day he started worrying about the look of the school that his nine-year-old daughter attends. "I was driving by the school with my wife," he explained, "and I said I was going to paint that school. I meant I'd bid on it some time. But it kept coming back to my mind. It said, 'Paint it,' and I answered, 'Paint it?' 'Yes,' it said, 'Paint it for nothing.' And I said, 'Oh, no, for nothing.' I was talking to myself, and it kept coming back. It stayed on my mind every day until mid-December. I was getting an ulcer. I went to a doctor,



DECORATOR SMITH
"It said, 'Paint it.'"

He said I was worrying, and I knew then I had to get that school off my mind."

Smith talked his brother-in-law into helping him and swore his daughter to secrecy. "I never painted a school before. There were 241 openings I had to paint. I had to paint things the same color as they were, because I was afraid to change things. I figured when they found out I was doing it for nothing, I'd end up in jail." Smith's job saved the city more than \$1,000, and for the time being he feels at peace. "But," says he, "I guess if it came in my mind again and began worrying me like that, I'd do it again."

The Failures

At the very least, says Chairman Lyle Phillips of the University of Buffalo physics department, "getting a college education means going to classes, passing courses and collecting a diploma." But even this, says Phillips, is apparently too much for an alarming number of today's students. Anyone who doubts it need only scan some figures released by the university last week. The figures:

¶ Of 350 students enrolled in mathematics 141-142 in the first semester of 1950-1957, 164 or 46% either failed or dropped out, usually because of low grades. Of the 153 enrolled in the second semester, 28% failed or dropped out.

¶ In physics courses Nos. 205-206, 61.5% of the students flunked or resigned during the academic year 1955-1956. The next year's figure, 63.5%.

¶ Of the 285 enrolled in physics 201, 66% failed or quit during 1950-1957.

To Physicist Phillips the reason for this trend, which has grown steadily during recent years, is obvious: "The whole reason is that we have permitted woollly-brained educationists to impose their peculiarly distorted concept of the meaning of education on our whole primary and secondary school system."



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To spur the upswing in residential building, the Federal Housing Administration last week eased credit for home buyers, second such move in two weeks. Most buyers will no longer have to put up cash for closing costs in buying a new house, but can tack them on the mortgage loan, thus lowering down payments. To attract more lenders, the agency increased allowable discounts (to a maximum 3%) on FHA-backed mortgages in 17 Western states, where mortgage money is tight.

But the Federal Reserve Board kept other forms of credit tight, despite the rising clamor of businessmen for easier money. The New York Chamber of Commerce and Chairman William H. Moore of Manhattan's Bankers Trust Co. both appealed to the Fed to ease credit by lowering the amount of funds that commercial banks are required to hold in reserve against demand deposits. But Fed Chairman William McChesney Martin Jr., speaking at Richmond, Va., still branded inflation as the economy's enemy No. 1—hardly the talk of a man prepared to make money easier.

Easier money men argued that the economy needed a lift. Unemployment was still rising (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), notably in Detroit. Auto sales were sliding, and Detroit last week rolled out 18% fewer cars than in the same week of 1957 (but 57% higher than the previous week in 1958). Automakers slashed first-quarter production schedules by 15% from the total projected a few weeks ago. In the slowdown more than 6% of Detroit's work force was idle. General Motors has laid off about 6,000; Chrysler last week passed out 4,000 pink slips and more were coming.

On the brighter side, department-store sales last week moved 2% ahead of the same week of 1957. The National Retail Merchants Association polled the top men in 2,000 department and chain stores, reported that 72% look for 1958 profits to equal or exceed last year's record. The Commerce Department, in its annual survey of the nation's major industries, found "moderate optimism." Though it conceded that production declines are in store for autos, steel, machine tools and railway cars, it predicted that some of 1957's softer industries will snap back. Said the report: lumbermen should enjoy "a somewhat better year," copper and aluminum sales should prove stronger, and sales of agricultural equipment "should be up between 10% and 15%."

CORPORATIONS

Builder of the Atlas

(See Cover)

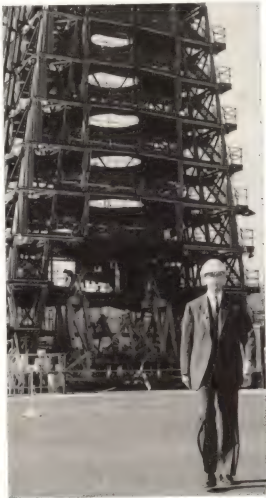
Up from the sands of Florida's Cape Canaveral last week shot the Atlas intercontinental ballistic missile with fiery blast and awesome roar. It climbed majestically into a layer of low-hanging clouds, disappeared to the southeast, and

on Manhattan's Park Avenue, yet another call came to Frank Pace Jr., 45, president of General Dynamics Corp., the giant industrial complex that embraces not only Convair but half a dozen other defense and weapons-producing industries.

Frank Pace, a lean man with worry-free eyes, had a lot of other things on his mind that morning, as befits a man who manages a missile-age empire—and who reached that top post in four short years. An Arkansas-born wonder boy, Pace was U.S. Budget Director (under Harry Truman) at 36 and Secretary of the Army at 37—two jobs that prepared him well for the presidency of General Dynamics, a firm that does 85% of its business with the Government. With another General Dynamics-Government success* chalked up, Pace expressed the admiration of the top commander for the men in the industrial front lines. Said he: "A very fine job!"

Rare Marriage. The Atlas—or "The Bird" to missile workers—is the most spectacular of the new weapons produced by General Dynamics, which has rocketed out of obscurity in a single decade to become the second biggest U.S. defense contractor (after Boeing) and by far the most wide-ranging. It has grown from a \$14 million midget in 1946 to a \$1.5 billion giant—a hundredfold sales increase. From two plants employing 3,500 people, it has spread across the U.S. and all the Western Hemisphere into more than 100 plants with upwards of 100,000 workers. Many of them go about their appointed tasks in spick-and-span, air-conditioned surroundings as clean as a kitchen, as cloistered as a scientific laboratory. A rare marriage of scientific talent and hard-headed business know-how, General Dynamics employs no scientist for every five workers, has a roster of consultants that includes such greats as Edward Teller, father of the hydrogen bomb, and Dr. Theodore von Karman, Caltech's brilliant mathematician and aerodynamicist.

Dynamics' stock is one of Wall Street's most glamorous, and hardly a week goes by without a spate of reports about another project or merger planned by the company. Last week three mergers were rumored; all were denied by



PACE AT CONVAIR'S ATLAS TEST TOWER
Wandering in the tomorrows.

a few minutes later plummeted into the ocean 600 miles away—as planned.

Hardly was the Atlas bright orange tail lost from view when officials rushed to telephones in a concrete blockhouse 750 ft. from the launching pad. Out went the news to the White House, where President Eisenhower replied "good" to word of Atlas' second successful launching in less than a month. Another call flashed the news across the continent to the San Diego headquarters of Convair, builder of the Atlas. And in a small office

* Each Atlas launching tests different components in the missile. Last week's flight was not far distance, but to make the first test at the small rocket engines on the side of the missile that it maintain speed while the missile cuts off its two take-off engines (after about 130 sec. in flight), leaving only the main sustenance engine, and 1) control direction and velocity of the missile.

CONVAIR'S B-58 HUSTLER

the company. The glamour is more than skin-deep: a share of Dynamics' stock bought for \$25 in 1952 is now worth \$192 (after splits); the company's profits rose 40% to an estimated \$44.8 million last year. In the deadly competition of weapons, brains and power between the U.S. and the Soviet Union, General Dynamics is in the forefront of the battle. Besides the Atlas, its other products include:

■ The *Nautilus*, first atomic submarine, produced by General Dynamics' Electric Boat Co., which recently turned out the third atomic sub, *Skate*, six months ahead of schedule. Electric Boat is finishing three more atomic submarines, expects to get contracts to build a sub able to launch the Polaris missile while submerged.

■ The 1,300-m.p.h. B-58 Hustler, described by President Eisenhower as the plane that will replace the B-52, now going into mass production at Convair. The B-58 is expected to be the backbone of the U.S. air striking force for years to come.

■ The 800-m.p.h., delta-winged F-102, now the Air Force's only supersonic, all-weather interceptor, being turned out at a fast clip by Convair, which has already delivered 700 of the 1,000 ordered. Convair is working on an improved version, the F-106, which will fly fast enough (1,300 m.p.h.) to catch the fastest bomber, already has Air Force orders for 300.

■ The cathode tubes (trade name: Charactertron) that are the heart of the SAGE air-defense warning system and the electronic computers that guide U.S. missiles to their targets, both produced by General Dynamics' Stromberg-Carlson Division.

■ Sabre jet fighters and submarine hunter-killer planes for most of the free world, rolling off the assembly lines of Canadair Ltd., Dynamics' wholly owned Canadian subsidiary.

■ Terrier, a rocket-powered interceptor missile that can streak off like a hawk from the decks of a heavy cruiser to destroy enemy bombers far out at sea, and the smaller Tartar missile for destroyers.

Golf & Poetry. As remarkable as the scope and variety of General Dynamics' activities is the fact that the firm is virtually the creation of one man, a princely dreamer named John Jay Hopkins, who died of cancer last May at 63. The handsome, debonair son of a California Presbyterian minister, Hopkins was trained in the law (Harvard '21), made a fortune in the stock market while still a young man, developed into an executive with one of the widest-ranging minds in U.S. industry. A tireless worker, he could put in an 18-hour day and then sit up in Manhattan nightclubs until dawn discussing Swinburne's poetry or intergalactic travel. An ardent golfer, he even formed the International Golf Association to promote worldwide friendship through golf.

Hopkins first ventured into the arms business in 1937 as a director of small, conservatively managed Electric Boat Co., of Groton, Conn., which was formed in 1899 by a merger of two boat companies with Electro Dynamic Co., a motor man-

ufacturer that later became a General Dynamics division. One of Electric Boat's founders, John Holland, built the U.S. Navy's first submarine—U.S.S. *Holland*—in 1896, and the company had led a feast-or-famine existence since, depending on the number of Navy orders. When Hopkins arrived, the company was famished. He made such a good impression as director that when World War II broke out the Navy asked him to take over as vice president in charge of financial and legal matters. He whipped the company into battle shape (Electric Boat turned out 72 subs during the war, more than any other yard), moved into the president's chair in 1947.

Imaginative Ambitions. At war's end Hopkins foresaw that the cold war was here to stay, and that the U.S. would need a new type of company to help wage it—one that turned out not just tanks, or guns, or planes, but entire weapons systems. He set out to create a General Motors of defense, visualizing it as a national service as well as a business. Using Electric Boat as his nucleus (the company had plenty of cash but few orders after 1945), he worked out a careful formula for expansion. He wanted solid, well-managed firms that could be picked up for a small amount of cash or an exchange of stock, then made into even better companies.

He made his first move in 1947, Canada's huge government-owned aircraft industry, Canadair, seemed too heavy a peacetime investment for the Canadian government, and it was shopping for a buyer. Hopkins snapped up the two plants for only \$2,500,000 cash, and every year since then Canadair has returned its original purchase price in profits. Though his company was still small, Hopkins searched around for a name that would better reflect his imaginative ambitions—and settled on General Dynamics.

Hopkins next cast his eye on a company that was nearly twice as big as both Canadair and Electric Boat together: California's Consolidated Vultee Aircraft (Convair), sixth largest U.S. air-frame manufacturer. Convair had been having its ups and downs, and Owner Floyd Odlum

ELECTRIC BOAT'S "NAUTILUS"



TIME CLOCK

STEEL PRICE BOOST OF \$5 to \$7 a ton is coming in July. Steelmen are resigned to rise even if demand remains soft. One major reason: steelworkers' wages go up automatically July 1, and they will get additional hike if cost-of-living rise continues.

AUTOMOBILE TV for back-seat passengers is being readied by Oldsmobile, which hopes to offer it as optional equipment on 1959 models. Set has 9-in. screen, fits into holder behind front seat, but can be removed for viewing outside car.

DEFENSE CONTRACTS written during calendar 1958 will spurt to \$23.2 billion v. estimated \$17.5 billion worth in 1957, says Defense Department.

SOVIET ECONOMIC offensive may cause U.S. to trim interest rates on foreign loans drawn from new \$300 million Development Loan Fund (*Time*, Sept. 30). Administration is considering reduction of its 3% to 4% charges to match Reds' rates of 2% to 2½%.

LAGGING EDELSEL SALES are shaking up Ford's high command. Vice President James J. Nance, 56, who formerly bossed Studebaker-Packard, will slip into driver's seat at Edsel division. It will be merged into the Lincoln-Mercury division, which he also heads.

LOWER FARM PRICE supports and higher acreage allotments will be asked of Congress by Secretary Benson. He wants authority to boost acreage for basic crops by as much as 50%, and to set price supports between 65% and 90% of parity (current range: 75% to 90%).

LITTLE-BIG INCH PIPELINE will start carrying oil instead of natural gas from Gulf Coast to East. FPC examiner approved bid by

Texas Eastern Transmission Corp. for conversion after Texas Eastern agreed to compromise terms laid down by competing barge operators, who have been fighting switch.

ALASKA OIL LANDS in Kenai moose range will finally be opened for exploration. All oil leasing has been suspended by U.S. since Richfield Oil Corp. made Alaska's first big oil strike in Kenai last summer. Now Interior Secretary Seaton says U.S. authorities "are very close to agreement on additional areas" to be opened for oil search under stiffer rules for preserving wildlife.

WORST FLORIDA WINTER in this century has taken \$55 million bite out of state's citrus, vegetable and flower production. Heavy snow wiped out half of crop in Dade County (Miami), but growers hope to recoup by pushing up prices.

NEW ENTRY in field of solid rocket fuels, Astrodyne, Inc., will be formed as joint subsidiary of North American Aviation, Inc. and Phillips Petroleum Co. Astrodyne hopes to produce fuels to outdo those used in North American's liquid-propelled engines for Atlas, Thor, Jupiter missiles.

RUST-FREE BARBED WIRE, coated with aluminum, will be brought out by U.S. Steel Corp., an answer to cheaper foreign imports, which have won 50% of \$19 million-a-year domestic market.

DEBT MORATORIUM has been declared by British creditors of low-flying Capital Airlines for January-March period. Capital has been paying \$1,000,000 a month on \$70 million debt for its 60 Vickers Viscount turboprops. But company lost about \$2,000,000 on its 1957 operations because of rising costs, got payments delay to tide it over slack winter-travel season.

search may prove valuable—perhaps even indispensable—for some new project. But Pace realizes that profits cannot be put off forever. Says he: "When our scientists begin to see a light, the planning people must show them how that idea can be put to use in the corporation. You must always tie research and planning together."

General Dynamics' widespread diversification eases the task of finding uses for its scientists' new ideas. When Convair evolved the idea for the Character tube, which can read 1,200,000 characters a minute, Stromberg-Carlson got the job of producing and distributing it, and Electric Boat set to work adapting it into a "synthetic porthole" to give a commander all the complex information picked up by a submarine's scouting equipment.

In the low-profit, high-volume defense business, General Dynamics' earnings—about 3% of sales—are not overimpressive. To get the company into more profitable fields, Pace would like to increase General Dynamics' nonmilitary business to 50%. Convair is turning out jet-powered 880 airliners (though sales have so far been disappointing). Stromberg-Carlson is bending its efforts toward new and better electronic computers that could open up vast new commercial markets for General Dynamics. And last fall the corporation worked out a merger through an exchange of stock with Liquid Carbonic, an international producer of industrial and medical gases.

The Wizard. But General Dynamics' competence in weaponry stacks the cards heavily against rapid growth of the corporation's civilian lines. Vital defense projects are bound to grow rather than shrink in the next few years. Convair and RCA have already submitted to the Defense Department plans for an anti-missile missile, the Wizard II, which could search out an incoming enemy ICBM and explode it high in the atmosphere. The Wizard could conceivably be put into production by 1965 (at a cost of up to \$5 billion) if the Defense Department gives an immediate go-ahead for a crash program.

TV in the Sky. As man ventures forth into space, General Dynamics is sure to have a planet-sized chunk of any U.S. undertaking. The company's task, as Frank Pace sees it, is not to reach too far ahead, but to plan carefully what it feels can be accomplished in the next 25 years. Its scientists have already placed on Washington desks a four-phase plan that would put manned satellites into space within five years. An improved Atlas would, by mid-1959, put a reconnaissance satellite into orbit 350 miles up to transmit televised images to earth. This would be followed by a series of satellites that, by early 1960, would keep a 24-hour watch on every part of the earth's surface. By late 1960—provided the Government adopts the plan soon—Atlas would push a manned hypersonic glide (five times the speed of sound) into orbit, finally lift freight ships into space to provide living quarters for a new generation of space residents. Not content with this plan, General Dynamics' scientists also have their eyes, minds and scientific talents

ler in developing the hydrogen bomb.

◀ Gordon Dean, 57, onetime head of the Atomic Energy Commission, now director of General Dynamics' atomic program.

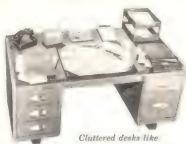
◀ J. J. Geoffrey Notman, 36, Canadian's grizzled, square-jawed president, known as "willing horse" because of his 12-to-18 hour workday. Notman began his career as a junior engineer in Quebec, directed the production of airplanes, explosives, ships and guns for the Canadian government during the war; he was taken on as executive vice president in 1950, elected Canadian's president in 1952.

◀ Carleton Shugg, 58, stocky, pipe-puffing general manager of Electric Boat. A naval officer specializing in submarine construction before he joined Sprague Electric in 1929, Shugg managed shipyards during World War II, became deputy general manager of the Atomic Energy Commission, was hired in 1951 as the man ideally suited to run Electric Boat.

Monopoly on Brains. Under the leadership of this seasoned team, General

Dynamics is heavily betting on research—or what Dr. Kraft Ehrliche, Convair's astronautics expert, calls "wandering in the tomorrows"—to put it on top of the new atomic-space age. This year the company will invest \$15 million in research into everything from desalting of sea water to astronautics. Though it can hope for no profit for years, it has sunk \$15 million into its General Atomic Division for basic research rather than have it manufacture reactors that may soon be obsolete, thus hopes to develop better models and get a bigger market in the 1960s.

To attract top men for research, General Dynamics has set out to build what Vice President Johnson calls "a monopoly on brains." now employs about 22,000 engineering and scientific personnel, pays them top salaries, e.g., \$25,000 to \$27,000. As a further inducement, General Dynamics lets its scientists delve into the most abstruse and uncharted fields with freedom, aware that in an age of rapidly changing technology the most basic re-



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See! It's designed to keep top clear and drawers organized

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PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

¶ Max Robb, 62, was elected president of City Stores Co. in a shake-up by Philadelphia Financier Albert M. Greenfield, 70, who has controlled the sixth-ranking department and specialty-store chain for 26 years. Robb, who started at twelve as a stockboy, stepped up from heading Philadelphia's Lit Bros., biggest of the chain's eleven major links, which range from New York's Franklin Simon to New Orleans' Maison Blanche. An aggressive merchandiser, Robb will try to streamline operations while Greenfield concentrates on expanding outlets. In the six months ending last July, the chain grossed \$120 million from 57 outlets in 15 states, but ended up with a \$234,000 deficit. Also boosted, from senior vice president to board vice chairman, was Greenfield's son, Princeton-educated Gordon K. Greenfield, 42, who may take over eventually.

¶ Albert L. Nickerson, 47, Socony Mobil Oil Co. president since 1955, will become chief executive officer next month when Board Chairman B. (for Benjamin) Brewster Jennings, 59, retires after 37 years with the company. Nickerson, a New Englander who looks like Cinemactor Randolph Scott, came up fast. Graduating from Harvard in 1933, he joined Socony as a service-station attendant, moved up to become a director within 13 years. Despite the current domestic oil glut, he has spoken out strongly for continued imports on the ground that high-cost U.S. producers will be unable to match soaring foreign demand.

¶ Leonard S. ("Luke") Hobbs, 61, one of the world's top aviation engineers, will retire next April as vice chairman of United Aircraft Corp. Wyoming-born Luke Hobbs, an engineering graduate of Texas A. & M., designed the carburetor for Lindbergh's *Spirit of St. Louis*. As chief engineer for Pratt & Whitney Aircraft, which grew into United's engine division in 1935, he developed the R-2800 Double Wasp, workhorse engine of World War II, and the R-4360 Wasp Major, most powerful aircraft piston engine ever made. Pratt & Whitney was a late starter with postwar jets, but Hobbs soon lapped the field with his J-57, the engine that earned him the prized Collier Trophy in 1953, made Pratt & Whitney No. 1 engine supplier for U.S. military aircraft.

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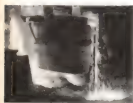
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CINEMA

Rosy Outlook

Though heads were rolling in an epidemic of studio layoffs, a heap of movies was rolling too, and Hollywood's 1958 production schedule was the most ambitious of recent years. While streamlining their activities and culling their deadwood, few producers missed the implication in *Variety's* estimates of last year's top grossers: moviemakers strike few bonanzas with low-budget sleepers these days. On most of their efforts, they must spend money to make money.

The top three films on *Variety's* list, in order of gross rentals paid by exhibitors: 1) *The Ten Commandments* (Paramount), raking in \$18.5 million (cost: \$13.5 Cecil B. DeMille); 2) *Around the World in 80 Days* (Mike Todd: United Artists), which coined \$16.2 million (budget: \$6 million); 3) *Giant* (George Stevens: Warner), rented out for \$12 million last year on a \$5 million investment.

In a wave of optimism, the major studios talked big about big doings. Paramount plans to release 32 movies this year. Twentieth Century-Fox will put a record \$65 million into 65 or more films. In plugging its \$50 million-plus worth of movies, United Artists will shoot \$9 million on exploitation alone. Other studios—Warner, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Columbia, Allied Artists—announced near-record production spurges. Gloved President Eric Johnston of the Association of Motion Picture Producers: "For Hollywood, 1958 is a real upbeat year!"

The New Pictures

Bonjour Tristesse (Preminger: Columbia). The thoughts of youth, in the case of 18-year-old French Novelist Françoise Sagan, were brief, decadent and commercial. Her first novel (*TIME*, Feb. 14, 1955) sold more than 600,000 copies in France and more than 1,625,000 in the U.S. At first the critics were amazed at the book's "maturity," but later many decided that the maturity was mostly just adultery. In this picture the adultery has been tastefully toned down. What is left is an old-fashioned story about incest.

The affair between father (David Niven) and daughter (Jean Seberg), which takes place mostly on the French Riviera, is not physical. Incest, as this story sees it, is emotional infantilism—the fear of life, the compulsion to security, the marriage with death. The marriage is consummated, not with a gesture of creation but with an act of destruction. The daughter murders her father's mistress (Deborah Kerr). Technically, the death is either a suicide or an accident, but if the method is euphemistic the meaning is clear. Father and daughter drift off on an aimless round of inconsequential pleasures.

It is a repulsive tale, but somehow repulsively alluring, though not in the same way the book was. Sagan's sensuous sentences suggested the presence of horror by wreathing softly about it; the camera pries

into its morbid subject like a corner. And the meanings that the novelist saw through her looking glass, darkly, Director Otto Preminger sees face to face in staring Mediterranean sunlight. He loses the French style but gains some common substance.

Director Preminger has done well with his actors, too. David Niven is remarkable as the sort of rake that accumulates his life in his face, like a pile of dead leaves. Deborah Kerr provides one transcendent



SEBERG & NIVEN
Repulsively alluring.

scene in which, as she overhears her man with another woman, her prim, pretty English face breaks up like a cookie in the fingers of a child. And Jean Seberg, rebounding from her disastrous debut as Joan of Arc (*TIME*, July 1), blooms with just the right suggestion of unhealthy freshness, a cemetery flower.

Most of the picture's defects are inherited from the author—the schoolgirl *longueurs* on life, the Rimbaudesque sentimentality about evil, the fashionable despair with the Paris labels on them. But then the author has provided the vital thing in the picture too: a story that seizes the imagination and insists on being read not only as a story but as a symptom of one of the more exotic diseases of leisure.

Legend of the Lost (Botjoc: United Artists) is filled with authentic Technicolor views of Libya, and packed with authentic Hollywood hokum. The movie stars Rossano Brazzi as a no-good do-gooder. Sophia Loren as a bad girl from



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Timbuktu, and John Wayne as the man who discovers something good about her.

Villain Brazzi is passing through Timbuktu on his way to find a lost city and bring back silver, gold and rubies the size of eggs. "I hate men," Sophia tells him. "If I could only start over." "Sin," Brazzi assures her, "is a wound that can be healed." Sneers Wayne: "If you want to scrub up her soul...it may take a little time." Off they go into the desert, where they spend less time digging for treasure than grabbing at Sophia, who has a tantalizing habit of silhouetting her lush curves



WAYNE & LOREN
Will they get each other?

against the barren sands when she isn't pouring water over her bare flesh.

Will they get the treasure? Will the treasure get them? Will they get each other? Well, after Brazzi fails to get Sophia ("Everybody else—why not me?"), he tries to get Wayne with a knife. But Sophia finally gets Brazzi with a bullet, and Wayne gets Sophia.

The Safecracker (M-G-M) is an amusing illustration of how the British, who so thoroughly deplore their black sheep, nevertheless make sensible use of their wool—by pulling it over the eyes of England's enemies. The hero of this picture is an eminent British cracksmen (Ray Milland) who, when World War II broke out, found himself already in uniform—one with plenty of stripes on it. But war is a funny thing. The society that had locked the man up for opening one safe was soon offering him his freedom if he would open another. Since the other one happened to be in a German intelligence HQ in Belgium, the better part of the picture is devoted to Commando tactics—a nasty bit of work, but very nicely underplayed by the British cast. Actor Milland is no great shakes, but Director Milland is altogether

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satisfactory. The huggermugger at the German headquarters comes off particularly well—flitting shadows in a pretty gloaming, a sudden flash of teeth and knives, the falling of a body, and the shadows move on. And all the while, strain as he may, the watcher cannot hear a sound.

Old Yeller [Buena Vista] is another little nugget mined by Walt Disney, one of Hollywood's most successful prospectors. It comes from Disney's thoroughly proved mother lode: movies for the kids that adults will stay to enjoy themselves. Old Yeller propounds a major tenet of Disney philosophy: a dog should be a dog, and a boy should act like a man.

Set in the pioneer days in Texas, the picture is populated with a few nice people—including a pretty, lovable frontier mother (Dorothy McGuire), a strong, tender father (Fess Parker), a couple of attractive kids (Tommy Kirk, Kevin Corcoran)—and with a slew of terribly cute animals, including a horned toad, a snake, a couple of bears, jack rabbits, squirrels, hogs, buzzards, raccoons, horses, cows, frogs, deer, quail, catfish and dogs.

Top dog is Old Yeller himself, a flopped hound with soulful eyes, who behaves as if he were trying to persuade Disney to invent a new cartoon character called Supermutt. He tops a bear that is charging the kid brother, rescues the older brother from a pack of wild hogs, saves the mother from being chewed up by a maddened wolf. The action, in short, is exciting for everybody, but all too often the dialogue is only for the very young. Sample: Kid Brother (after the family cow is killed): "How come you shot old Rose?" Big Brother: "She was sick." Kid Brother: "Well, you were sick, too. How come they didn't shoot you?"

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Enemy Below. A thriller of a duel between a DE and a U-boat, well played by Robert Mitchum and Curt Jurgens, sharply directed by Dick Powell (TIME, Jan. 13).

The Bridge on the River Kwai. David Lean's magnificently ironic, savage adventure story, developed into a tragic exploration of the unmeaning of life; with Alec Guinness, William Holden (TIME, Dec. 23).

Ordet. A religious allegory, swathed in a peaceful northland light, by Denmark's Carl [Day of Wrath] Dreyer (TIME, Dec. 16).

Paths of Glory. A passion out of fashion, antimilitarism, is vented by a gifted new director, 29-year-old Stanley Kubrick (TIME, Dec. 9).

Don't Go Near the Water. A daffy piece of South Pacific, based on William Brinkley's novel about some officers and men engaged in the Navy's public relations—and their own private affairs (TIME, Nov. 25).

Gervaise. Emile Zola's *L'Assommoir*, a vast cry of rage at man's fate, diminished by French taste into a touching story of a woman's ruin; with Maria Schell (TIME, Nov. 18).

RESEARCH THAT WON A MEDAL



This year, for the first time, The Franklin Institute's coveted George R. Henderson Medal—awarded for achievements in research in railroad technology — was *not* given to an individual inventor or engineer. It was awarded to an association—the Association of American Railroads.

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BOOKS

Peace to the Pachyderms

THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN (372 pp.)—Romain Gary—Simon & Schuster (\$4.50).

*The wise old elephant, it seems,
Is seldom troubled by bad dreams . . .*

On the basis of this British undergraduates' ditty, French Novelist Romain Gary has constructed a modern fable, and good fables, like nursery rhymes, must command belief. As a man of action (he was a hero of the French air force, is now French consul general in Los Angeles), Author Gary understands this well, has written his story in the idiom of documentary journalism. It is completely successful—one of the best narratives to be published in a long time. *The Roots of Heaven* has won one of France's highest literary awards—the Prix Goncourt—doubtless for the very French way in which it brings politics into the jungle and the jungle into politics.

On the surface, the book (its setting is French Equatorial Africa) tells the adventures of a dentist named Morel who becomes obsessed with the notion of protecting wild fauna from hunters. But Novelist Gary is really concerned with "another animal who needed protection"—man. Elephants to Morel are "the last and greatest living image of liberty that still existed on earth." Man, in the midst of his bad dreams of extinction by nuclear warfare, simply cannot afford to allow a noble form of life to be needlessly slaughtered. Morel has learned his respect for dignity in a hard school—a Nazi concentration camp, whose philosophical commandment well understood that National Socialism was a materialist revolution aimed at man's spirit. In the name of this spirit, Morel takes up the cause of the vanishing elephant.

Tusk Force. To most, Morel is half-crazed, a crank at best, his pro-pachyderm activities comic and futile. But Gary wonderfully evokes what the elephants mean to Morel, so that his actions to protect them become a "hymn of hope." Morel hates those who have made a fashion of the safari—"impotents," "alcoholics" and sexually frustrated women. The hunters' bullets stay inside the hides of the beasts for years; wounded elephants pitifully use their trunks to plaster mud on the suppurating bullet wounds.

To avenge this, Morel burns villages, destroys a plantation owner's house and an illicit tannery specializing in waste-paper baskets made of elephants' feet; in a desert cabaret he arranges to have the backside of France's most famous woman hunter publicly whaled. By this time Morel has allies. Somehow his gesture toward saving the elephants has attracted the world's attention. Like Albert Schweitzer, Morel has become a symbol for those discontented with the quality of modern existence. His allies, in the nature of things, are an odd lot. His personal Maquis, or tusk force, consists of a refugee girl, vic-



Philippe Halsman

NOVELIST GARY
Out of elephants, *filet mignon*.

tim of multiple rape in the liberation of Berlin, a Danish naturalist, a U.S. magazine photographer, and a nuclear scientist who has just refused to go on helping to make the basalt bomb. Each in his own way understands something of Morel's strange passion.

Symbolic Tree. Two ironies intrinsic to Morel's position defeat his tragicomic crusade. One is that he is fatally a man. The animals he loves flee from him just as fast as they would from Robert Ruark or a fearless M-G-M crew. His briefcase, stuffed with pro-elephant manifestoes, is made of animal skin. He has defied man's fate but cannot escape it. The second



NOVELIST OTT (1941)

In gulls and roaches, a case for peace.

irony is political: Idealist Morel becomes a tethered goat in the big game hunt of nationalist ambitions. A cruelly clever, Paris-educated Negro named Waitari exploits Morel as a convenient scandal to embarrass France. To Marxist Waitari—who is sick of Africa being "the world's zoo"—an elephant is meat for the hungry and ivory to finance the class war. Morel disappears in the jungle, victim of an unfathomable destiny. Novelist Gary leaves the last word with a strange Jesuit who thinks of the state of grace as a "biological mutation, which will in the end give man the organic means to make himself what he wants himself to be." To the Jesuit, Morel's life is a sort of mad saintliness. The book ends with the priest's contemplating a tree with its "infinite complexity of branches . . . his favorite sign on earth, before even the sign of the Cross." Author Gary seems to take his philosophic position—a kind of nature-minded humanism—under the tree's thin shade. But philosophy aside, Gary writes brilliantly, like one of those natural chefs of fiction who can make a palatable *filet mignon* out of a hunk of elephant.

The Naked & the Drowned

SHARKS AND LITTLE FISH (432 pp.)—Wolfgang Ott—Pantheon (\$4.95).

There is an outguessing game, called "Who gets it next?", which authors of combat novels play with their readers. Will it be the tough sergeant or the hero's buddy who doesn't make it back from his 23rd mission? No such game is played in Wolfgang Ott's grim first novel about the frightful death by bleeding of the German navy during World War II. There is no question of what will happen to his characters: they are all doomed, and who gets it next makes no difference.

There is no hero—merely one character who, by chance, survives most of the others. Like the rest, Lieut. Hans Teichmann is sketchily drawn; nothing is told of his background, and—except for his sensations when he is drunk, or in rut, or in pain—little of his thoughts. He is brave; some of the others are cowardly, but courage and the lack of it do not matter; nor does brutality or kindness. The meaninglessness of war swallows everything. West German Novelist Ott is writing about men engulfed by the dark millennium Yeats foretold when "Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold; Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world."

Horrifying Anonymity. With plodding determination, Novelist Ott follows a class of enlisted sailors through a tour of mine-sweeper duty, a session of midshipmen's school and a chilling succession of raiding cruises with the North Atlantic submarine wolf packs (Ott, 34, began the war as a mine-sweeper seaman, ended it as an ensign on a submarine). His style is lumpishly Teutonic, and the translator's clichés do not make it any smoother. Ott's impersonal handling of his characters, though it gives a horrifying anonymity to their cockroach deaths, also makes for interminable, dull stretches.

But for all his crudities, Novelist Ott



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has made a case against war that is as powerful as anything in a recent novel. It is also a savage attack on the German people. A young intellectual rants about the complacency that allowed Hitler's rise: "We have outstanding religious leaders and brilliant philosophers; we have gifted musicians and soldiers; we have smart bankers and remarkable whoremasters; we have everything—except human beings." Lieut. Teichmann agrees half-heartedly with the half-truths, then changes his mind, protests that there is some meaning, at least, in fighting courageously.

Into Madness. His own fight ends without any obvious meaning. Far from Allied planes and destroyers, his crippled submarine strikes a mine and sinks as it steams for port. Teichmann and 19 others put on escape lungs, reach the surface and float helplessly. A flight of gulls lowers, swoops hungrily at the eyes of a comrade Teichmann is trying to save. Exhausted, finally broken by the war, Teichmann slips into madness. Hours later, rescue boats save 9 of the 20 men. Novelist Ott does not say whether Teichmann is one of them. It does not matter.

A Child's Garden of Venery

The kind of impassioned prattle that made Françoise Sagan a sensation at 18 and a bestselling bore at 22 continues to infect young girl writers. Two current examples of vernal volubility, each the work of a 14-year-old:

BEAU CLOWN, by Berthe Grimault (188 pp.; Rinehart; \$3), a crawling compost heap of a novel, accepts as normal and comical the sort of horror about which seamy-side Novelist Louis-Ferdinand Céline wrote with fascination. Author Grimault describes a degenerate clan of French peasants and the flotsam that fetches up at their farm—two prostitutes, four U.S. Negro soldiers foraging for sex, and a nefarious AWOL lunatic, including a gently demented old clown and a bloody-nailed slug named Chopper (he is obsessed with decapitation). When Chopper is gored by a huge white bull, a litter of bare-bottomed children worry his body like jackal pups, then lose interest while a pig nuzzles the corpse. The narrator, a young farm girl, tumbles through her tale with savage glee, takes a sorrowful tone only when relating that, although old enough (14), she is not big enough (4 ft. 3 in.) to attract the soldiers' interest.

Tiny (4 ft. 8 in.) Author Grimault, herself a French farm girl, groups her rush of words well in short, clear sentences. Despite the repulsive midden from her imagination, there is a kind of dirty-facade innocence about the book, and an undeniable storytelling ability. Half-illiterate when she wrote the novel, Berthe Grimault had help from a village postmaster who bartered the grammar, laundered the sex. Currently, a proper laundering is in process: at the Grove, a British finishing school, the staff is trying to get Berthe to behave as if she were less familiar with country matters.

STRANGE EVIL, by Jane Gaskell (126 pp.; Dutton; \$3.50), is a saner but less fascinating novel. It reads a little as if Alice had blundered into the court of Pierre Louÿs instead of the Red Queen. The book abounds in bare-breasted courtesans and tall, flashing-eyed men, many of them wicked. Most of the action, described in lavender prose, takes place in fairyland, which is reached by springing lightly off Notre Dame de Paris. The heroine, for reasons probably most obvious to a 14-year-old girl bent on writing a naughty novel, is a nude model. Nevertheless, she remains pure to the end in spite of the blandishments of satyrs and other fairyland charmers: "His eyes were like whirls of black gas. Her knees sank,



NOVELIST GRIMAULT
Sagan again and again.

Her stomach melted. His hand was held out toward her."

Well-brought-up Author Gaskell sees her fairyland through a kaleidoscope made of prunes and prisms; she might profit if she could spend a semester as an exchange student in Berthe Grimault's barnyard.

The virus has spread even to Russia. Stern Soviet critics, who have excoriated Françoise Sagan for her preoccupation with what they call "active love," have just discovered an activist in their midst: youthful (exact age unknown) Latvian Writer Dagnija Cielava. In a Latvian magazine, *Karogs* (The Banner), hot-penned Author Cielava published a long short story about a glad-glanded young round-head named Margita, daughter of a Stalin Prizewinner, who confounds Russian puritanism by passing out her favors like agitprop pamphlets, tweaks the Soviets' sense of caste by giving most of the prizes

to her father's chauffeur. Sniffed one critic: "There is not a single concrete line of dialogue. All we find is the gossip of coffeehouses, the vague talk of teen-agers, the smart flirtation thought to portray the gallant life of students. However, Cielava's portrayal makes this life transparent, like the dress of an old chanteuse on the stage of a bourgeois nightclub."

There is little likelihood that Cielava is bourgeois enough to try to become the Volga's Left Bank banner waver. An authoress so activist might find herself writing a *Bonjour, Siberia*.

God's Curse & Grace

THE SIBYL (154 pp.)—Pär Lagerkvist—Random House (\$3).

Ahasuerus is the usual name ascribed to the man who denied Christ a moment's rest on his way to Calvary. According to medieval legend (but not Christian doctrine), Ahasuerus thereupon was denied—under Christ's curse—either death or mercy, and was condemned to walk the face of the earth forever. The man cursed with the burden of perpetual life on earth has haunted enough imaginations to produce scores of folk tales, dramas and novels. He now reappears in Pär Lagerkvist's latest book. Those who know the other works (*Barabbas*, *The Eternal Smile*) of Sweden's 1951 Nobel Prizewinner will find what they expect—psychological and mystical insights, told in nursery-plain prose and seeking to justify the ways of God to man.

The Real & Unreal. The story of the Wanderer (Lagerkvist names no names) begins with his lack of charity toward a felon who is being led to a place of execution. The felon, staggering under his cross, says: "You shall suffer greater punishment than mine; you shall never die." Later, whispers reach the Wanderer that the cross-bearer was God's son, and he soon finds out the terror of being immortal on earth: where there is no death, there is no love, at least not in the human sense. The Wanderer leaves his city—and his age—to take his problem to that renowned religio-psychological clinic, the Delphic oracle.

In Delphi he finds a creature like himself—a being cursed by the old gods as he has been cursed by the new. She is an aged Pythian priestess who lives on a mountainside with only goats and her idiot son for company. The Wanderer asks the priestess for guidance, and her narrative is the main part of the book. Like most allegories, the story suffers from the sometimes near-ludicrous clash of the concrete and the symbolic. It is a measure of Novelist Lagerkvist's great narrative powers that he manages to keep his story alive in the strange twilight glow between reality and unreality.

Footprints in the Snow. The old woman's story runs thus: she was once a simple, pious country girl who was groomed for the role of prophetess at Delphi's prosperous temple. There she was clothed in a bridal robe, learned to get along with the temple snakes, eat the sacred laurel

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and become the ecstatic "bride" of the god who emanated from the cleft of a rock in the depth of the earth. As a Pythia she was alone, a social outcast, feared and avoided by the plain people of Delphi. She was totally filled with the love of her dark, subterranean god, and yet at times she was rebellious. "For what else was there," she asked sullenly, "in this dirty world to love but him?"

One day, wandering outside the temple precincts, she found the answer—a human lover in the guise of a one-armed soldier. But the god tolerated no mortal rival. Her lover died in a mysterious accident, and a temple goat, sacred symbol of the god himself, ravished her during one of her ecstasies. Pregnant, she was stoned out of the temple, to bear her child on a mountainside, midwifed only by sympathetic goats. The years did not answer her agonizing question: How was her gentle idiot son begotten—by the one-armed soldier or in that capric caprice?

She tells the Wanderer her story, and when it is done her witless god-child (or was it a goat-child?) has disappeared. The outcast Pythia and the outcast Jew follow his footprints up the mountainside. They grow fainter and fainter, finally disappear altogether. Then she knows. "The father has fetched him home."

Signs & Wonders. Those adept at deciphering the message in a parable will be happy to wrest their own truth from *The Sibyl*. The supporting cast of human symbols is not hard to identify: there are the Pythia's pious, humble parents; the lowly, kindly oracle servant ("little friend of god and man"); the mean old spy who cares nothing for god but only for his temple. These are, for good or ill, like unto other men. But the Pythia and the Wanderer are set apart because they have been touched by God; he works on them not merely "signs and wonders" but the miracle of possession. To the priestess and the Wanderer (and this is the book's message), God is not peace or security: he is agony, conflict—and yet ineffable sweetness as well. "The divine is not human," says the priestess. "It is something quite different. And it is not noble or sublime or spiritualized, as one likes to believe. It is alien and repellent and sometimes it is madness."

What of the Wanderer and the advice he seeks? Perhaps despair might be the beginning of his salvation, suggests the old priestess. "God is your destiny. Your soul is filled with him; through his curse you live a life with god. . . . Perhaps one day he will bless you instead of cursing you. I don't know. Perhaps one day you will let him lean his head against your house. Perhaps you won't. But whatever you may do, your fate will be forever bound up with god, your soul forever filled with god."

Readers may reject this message, along with the violent pre-Christian trances of its telling, but few will deny its capacity for troubling the imagination. For to Lagerkvist, God's curse and God's grace are very nearly the same—blows from one awesome hand.

MISCELLANY

The Real Dope. In Manhattan, Dishwasher Ping Wing, 72, arrested for possession of narcotics, told police: "I've been using heroin for 55 years, and I've never felt better."

Stamped Out. In Kodara Village, Japan, Local Postmaster Seichi Higashizawa, 33, short of government funds and faced with a visit by inspectors, burned down the post office.

Ringworm. In Toronto, Mildred Putnik, 28, testified that when she returned her engagement ring to ex-Fiance James Kuca three days after he gave it to her, he made her pay \$700 for depreciation.

Billy Doux. In Tryon, N.C., 14-year-old Billy Rockman auctioned off his entire collection of love letters for a local Red Cross drive, got 27¢ for the hottest item, addressed to "Sugar Doll."

Double Header. In Charnes, France, rescuers called a physician to treat Raymond Bralley, 54, who had stumbled in the dark and fallen into a stream, saw the doctor arrive, stumble in the dark, fall into the stream.

Clean Haul. In Washington, D.C., Laundry Truck Driver Howard Henry Coleman, 28, arrested for stealing three tons of hotel and restaurant tablecloths and selling them to junk dealers as old rags, explained: "I only took the really dirty ones."

Sharp Competition. In Tirano, Italy, long mystified by sudden blackouts of local TV sets when good programs were scheduled, police discovered that the coaxial cable was being cut with an ax, finally arrested Movie House Owner Marco Soltoggio.

Fresh Start. In Lyon, France, Railroad Employee Roger Clayev-Rolles, 35, charged with breaking into a woman passenger's sleeping compartment on the Narbonne-Paris Express, explained to police: "I wanted to begin the year in good company."

Sweepstakes. In Detroit, three thieves robbed a grocery of beer, wine and assorted meats, realized they would leave tracks in the snow, took a broom from a rack and carefully erased their footprints as they went, were caught anyway by police, who simply followed broom marks to the right door.

Financial Statement. In Buffalo, Wyo., City Clerk Carl Kaltenbach received an overtime parking ticket, 21¢ and a note: "This is all the money I had. Please appreciate the fact that I lost a quarter in a pinball machine, bought a cup of coffee, pushed my car out of town and am now in the process of selling it. Thank you. I owe you 29¢."



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The Marlboro Filter. Cellulose acetate is the modern effective filter material for cigarettes. This unretouched photo shows the cellulose acetate in just one Marlboro exclusive Selectrate Filter.